

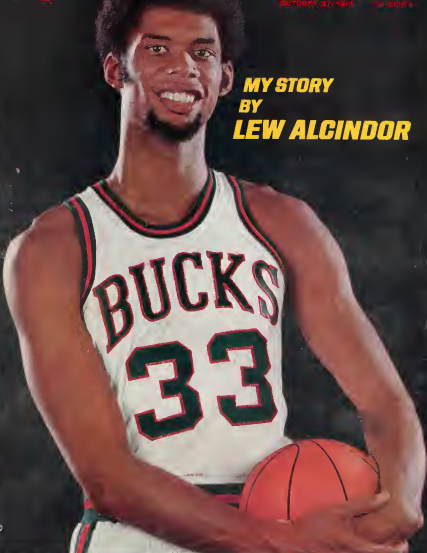
WORLD SERIES DRAMA

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 27, 1989

70¢ (SINCE)

**MY STORY
BY
LEW ALCINDOR**



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Note: The soothsayers, as always, were 100% correct.)

CAESAR: "MONY—the policy of great leaders"—if I may suggest an advertising slogan. A most convincing argument, my friend. But you'll have to give me some time to think it over. See me after the Ides of March.

Ed. Note: As is known to one and all, the fates—with a sharp assist from Brutus, Cassius & Co.—decreed that the Ides of March would be too late. Caesar, alas, like so many of us when it comes to life and health insurance, was a delayer. Et tu, mister?

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONY.

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York

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Next week

THE PURPLE PEOPLE casters of Minnesota have parlayed a frenzied post rush and a revitalized Joe Kapp to lead the NFL's Central Downman. Tex Maule provides the analysis.

SOME LIKE IT HOT, but to Painter Richard Estes we back up has more moments that speak more eloquently about the sport than any slushy representation of its violence.

THE RUSSIANS may be the crowned kings of caviar, but Robert H. Boyle maintains that we have our Ave in the hole Ave Left, a Hudson River commercial fishermen



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TV TALK

In the first of his series of columns on sportscasting, Wilfred Sheed finds the tube boomer on the ear than on the eye

As every leak-bottomed telviewer knows, the picture gets better every year but the sound remains the same. Each major sport seems to have settled forever into its ritual-announcing tone. Golf, for instance, sounds like the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, with Henry Longhurst slipping tactfully around the 16th green murmuring, "He's approaching now, yes, he's definitely getting closer." Football bifurcates one voice to make with the pseudo science, rivaling Walter Cronkite on the moon landing, and the other for the bluff autumn-day effects ("These two teams certainly came to play, we should see some real football today, shouldn't we, Rex?")

We certainly should, Bruce... and watch especially for the split linebackers working in and out of the pocket.")

Baseball is all folksy humanity and good sense. The announcers try their goddamdest to catch the atmosphere of a boorman Rockwell post office. "It's a game of inches, Ralph." "It surely is that, Mr. Peabody, sir." The ex-ballplayer divulges nothing more arcane than "He's still trying to keep those pitches down." ("Yes, Sandy, that will do.") And where else do you still hear the word "golly" banded so wantonly?

Each of these is in line with the mythology of its game. Golf announcers have to whisper, of course (vade the P. G. Wodehouse golfer who complained of the din the butterflies were making in the next meadow), but they go on whispering long after the occasion for it has ceased. There is also a note of the royal function about the post-game credits. The president of the Sater's Cashbox Country Club has to be thanked and the vice-president "for the line job they have done this year." Presumably for not strutting the course with lead mines (even the flunkies who shuffle for the local ball clubs do not pause to thank the owners for each day's game. But golf is always a special occasion. And why, I suppose, not?

Football's mannerisms dates from the days when "college try" stood for something. Professionalism has cooled things a bit, nobody rants the way Bill Stern and Harry Wismer used to rant. Yet vestigial cheerleading lingers in the larynxes of the nonexperts, or sharp partners, the Chris Schenckels and Jack Whitakers.

As to the gloomy mystagogues, the Christmans and DeKogatives, it seems likely that football fans prefer their game to sound pre-

continued



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TV TALK *continued*

posters already scientific and would be more than happy to have it retailed in some Buck Rogers secret code. I would venture the irony, which can later be withdrawn if the mail turns ugly, that while the game is certainly complicated, it is not that complicated. Down and out, down and in are the obvious ways of leaving the line of scrimmage and always were. The new names for positions simply denote that the old functionary is standing a few yards back or to the side. If the shortstop on the McCovey shift were called the strongside middle-base backer, baseball could run up a rival "now" lexicon in no time.

Baseball prefers to remain a fuddy-duddy, with its lugubrious oldtimers' days and its hoary statistical wizards *there* are the ones who get thanked after the broadcast, you'll notice). Of all broadcasters, baseball ones remain the most unassuming and relentlessly mediocre. There seems to be a terror of getting uppity, or smart ass, and their polity is about on the level of ministers of separate faiths forced to travel on the same train.

The picture of the fan implied by all this is not pretty, whether it be the baseball idiot, small-brained and suspicious of change and thought, or the golf bore at prayer, or the football man-child roaring over his charms. In real life the fans, I know, are just as likely to be old ladies with minds like whips or dried-up literary men with cruel senses of humor, and I submit they deserve an occasional change from Frank Gifford. Besides, the games might begin to look different and to exhibit new possibilities if they were not always evoked in that same artificial way.

Meanwhile the best broadcasts often attach to those sports that are not aired often enough to sprout their own clichés, or which, like hockey and basketball, move too fast for the announcer's small talk to wedge in. Tennis, on a brief listen, has improved somewhat. They used to tell you what love meant and what the net was for, a real Dick and Jane plot, tennis was considered a rare, exotic import that had to be explained to Americans every time they watched it. Jack Kramer at the recent Nationals got off some medium-minded stuff that was not bad. But, like Russian industry, tennis starts from a humble base and has far to go.

The competence of certain announcers to talk about sports at all is a question for another time. For now, let's just compare them as you would barflies, which ones can you listen to for a couple of hours and which ones clear the room. If you still watch a child's helping of sports, as I do, it can spell the difference between a good year and the ones we've been having.

—WILFRED SHREVE



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SCORECARD

SAD DAY IN JAPAN

A serious and depressing scandal has hit baseball in Japan, where it is the national pastime. Masayuki Nagayasu, a pitcher with the Nishitetsu Lions, has been accused by the owner and president of his team of fixing ball games. The pitcher denied the accusation but otherwise said little, declaring, "If I say anything, people won't believe me, so what's the use?"

But the pitcher was linked to hoodlum elements heavily involved with gambling, and he has been charged not only with fixing games himself but with persuading other players to go along. Two of his teammates who supposedly worked with him have turned state's evidence.

No specific instances of fixed games were disclosed (one official said it was impossible to determine the exact number but "there were several"), yet there was an immediate and unquestioned acceptance of the charges by Japanese fans, probably because gambling on baseball has long been intensive in certain areas. Predictably, after the scandal was revealed spectators jeered and hissed the players and shouted things like "No fixing!" and "Play seriously!"

The threat to baseball's paramount position in the Japanese sporting scene is very real since, like all sports, its dramatic appeal rests on public confidence. As Akiko Santo, movie actress and a baseball fan, said, "Sumo lost popularity because of fixing, and the same thing may happen to baseball."

SID STEVE AND MEAN GREENE

Steve Van Buren, the best running back in pro football 20 years ago when he played for the Philadelphia Eagles, was talking to Author Myron Cope (SI, Oct. 13 and 20) about modern-day players. The name of Mean Joe Greene, the defensive tackle of the Pittsburgh Steelers, came up and Van Buren said, "He's not only the best rookie tackle I've ever seen—he's the best tackle I've ever seen,

period." Cope said, "Well, surely he still has a lot to learn." Van Buren answered, "If he learns anything more, he'll kill somebody."

This, of course, brought up the incident in the Steeler-Giant game a couple of Sundays ago when Greene was thrown out late in the game for clobbering Fran Tarkenton. Van Buren insisted that if Greene had remained in the game the final score would have been 7-7, instead of 10-7, Giants. "The Giants would never have penetrated far enough to kick the winning field goal," Van Buren said. And he added, "If I owned the Steelers, I'd have fined Greene \$2,000 for getting himself thrown out."

NEWS FLASH

Commerce and reporting are in constant—if sometimes casual—struggle on radio and TV, at least in the area of sport. On the Sunday of the second game of the World Series, Van Patrick was doing the Detroit Lions-Green Bay Packers game over radio station WXYZ in Detroit. His broadcasting partner, Bob Reynolds, came back from a brief visit to the press box and said, over the air, "Van, Jerry Koonsman has a no-hitter going into the seventh."

Patrick answered, "Thanks a lot, Bob. We have just lost our audience."

CAMOUFLAGE AND CONCEALMENT

One man's poison is another man's meat. Ten years ago, when the University of Minnesota was struggling through one more dismal losing season, fans were clamoring for the scalp of Murray Warmath, the unlucky head coach. They even dumped garbage on Warmath's lawn.

This year Minnesota fans are furious again—but this time not about a football coach and not because they want someone fired. They are raging instead at Calvin Griffith, owner of the Minnesota Twins, for his dismissal of Manager Billy Martin after Martin had led the Twins to the American League's Western Division championship. Phone

calls, some profane, some vulgar, practically all stridently anti-Griffith, have inundated the Metropolitan Stadium switchboard. There have been avalanches of angry letters to newspapers, obscene anti-Griffith buttons, pro-Martin bumper stickers and even a *Ballad of Billy Bollyard*, as sung by a Minneapolis hippie guitar combo.

Through it all, Murray Warmath has remained serene. His football team, off to a bad year, has yet to win a game (the Gophers lost 34-7 last Saturday to Ohio State), but nobody is talking about Murray at all, let alone dumping garbage on his lawn.

DON'T STAY LOOSE

Dr. James A. Nicholas, team surgeon of the New York Jets, has a theory that human beings are of two physical types: human and tight. The loose type is more flexible and agile, the tight type is stronger. The loose type is subject to sprained ankles and torn ligaments. The tight type, more resistant, may break a leg before spraining an ankle. On the Jets, according to a report he made to a sports medicine conference of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons, there were seven times more ruptures of the knee ligaments among the loose types than the tight types. Joe Namath, for example, is moderately loose, and his three knee operations were predictable.



Dr. Nicholas says his research is still limited, but he holds that people should learn which type they are and either avoid activities for which they are not suited or take necessary precautions. For instance, a loose child who plays basketball should have his ankles wrapped or wear corrective shoes. An extra-loose

continued

The end of the slack slack.



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SCORECARD *continued*

type should not play basketball at all. (As for Namath, Dr. Nicholas says, "He is a great athlete. He can do what he wants to do with full knowledge of his medical deficiencies.")

There are five tests to determine if you are loose: 1) bend over and touch palms to floor; 2) bend knee the wrong way more than 20 degrees; 3) hold arms out straight with palms up so that the little fingers are higher than the thumbs; 4) turn feet out 90 degrees in the Charlie Chaplin stance; 5) sit comfortably in the lotus position. If you can do these things easily, you're loose, baby.

The doctor thinks that physicians and trainers should develop exercises according to body type in order to improve deficiencies and prevent injuries. He feels that certain traditional exercises are detrimental. For instance, the old duck waddle so popular with football coaches can actually contribute to damage to cartilages in the knee.

END OF AN ERA NOTE

The shotput has been practically an American monopoly since the day back in 1909 when Ralph Rose stunned the world of track and field by putting the iron ball 51' (no one before him had even reached 50 feet). Rose was followed through the years by such stalwarts as Pat McDonald, John Kuck, Leo Sexton, Jack Torrance, Chuck Froville, Jim Fuchs, Parry O'Brien, Bill Nieder, Dallas Long and Randy Matson—and it was assumed that some beefy young fellow would be along any minute to take up where Matson left off. But now it appears that the long American reign may be over. Six of the top 10 shotputters in the world this year are Germans (five are East Germans). They creamed the U.S. entries in the Europe-vs.-America meet this summer and, while none has threatened Matson's world record (71' 5½") or even reached 70 feet, they are taking dead aim on the gold medal—and maybe the silver and bronze, too—at the Munich Olympics in 1972.

MAN, THAT'S RECRUITING

Jim Stangeland, head football coach of California State College at Long Beach, was complaining about Jack Curtice, head coach of the University of California at Santa Barbara, even though Long Beach had beaten Santa Barbara 32-16.

"Jack actually has his quarterback liv-

ing with him in his own home," Stangeland said. "He and his wife fix all the kid's meals and they loan him the family car any time he asks for it. In fact, Curtice buys the boy all his clothes and pays all his bills, and he has supported him like that for years—long before the kid even entered college."

Before the NCAA begins screeching and tearing its hair in horror, it should be reported that Stangeland spoke with tongue in cheek. Jack Curtice's quarterback at Santa Barbara is his 22-year-old son Jim.

AND SO IT GOES

Here are a couple of cheerful notes from the conservation front. A Department of the Interior report says that water pollution killed more than 15 million fish last year and comments that the death rate is a "macabre reminder that our rivers, lakes and streams are being poisoned by many highly toxic and dangerous substances." There is little encouragement given that water pollution will stop in the near future. Earlier research warned that the continuing practice of dumping raw sewage into the nearest available water could pose an even greater menace than the death of fish. Scientists found in one case that fish caught in polluted waters contained antibodies against human diseases like typhoid fever, dysentery and tuberculosis—though there is no evidence that the diseases could be transmitted to human beings.

Meanwhile, the Detroit Smoked Fish Company has filed a federal court suit challenging the constitutionality of the Food and Drug Administration's temporary ruling on the "safe" level of DDT in fish. The FDA says that five parts of DDT per million is the maximum level permissible, but the fish company contends that this is "unreasonable, arbitrary and confiscatory." The FDA recently seized 800 pounds of Lake Michigan chub that had been shipped by the Detroit firm to Pennsylvania. The fish reportedly contained between six and seven parts per million of DDT.

HIT THEM WHERE THEY ARE NOT

Will nothing be left to us of the world we once knew? Old buildings are torn down to make room for parking lots, lovely fields become housing developments, Bach has been electronicized, and now a man comes along and claims that

nobody ever said, "I'd die for dear old Rutgers." Peter Tatum of San Francisco, etymologist and *Encyclopaedia Britannica* authority on words and phrases, insists that what the storied Frank (Pop) Burns really said, as he was being removed from the field on a stretcher after breaking his leg, was, "I'd die for a drink of water."

The future is bleak. Soon someone will reveal that as Shoeless Joe Jackson left the hearings investigating the Black Sox scandal a ragged urchin cried, "Say, mister, where do I catch the F bus?" And that George Gipp whispered to Kautz Rockne, "Tell the boys the Gipper said hello."

GET TOUGH

France, land of diplomats, is using the direct approach to clamp down on the rowdiness that has been cluttering up Rugby, a major sport in France. First, one player was suspended indefinitely for knocking out an opponent in the first game of the season. Then, after another brawl a week or two ago, the player who started it was kicked out of Rugby for life, a second man was suspended for three weeks and the captain of the offending team was suspended for not being able to control his players. Further, the entire team was put on probation for one full season; if anyone gets out-of-hand again, the team will be ruled off until next autumn.

The National Hockey League might make a note of this.

THEY SAID IT

• Pete Weeks, Memphis State placekicker, on why he was so calm after kicking a 36-yard field goal to beat North Texas State with 36 seconds to play: "Actually, I didn't realize it was so crucial until I had trouble getting back to the bench because of all the players jumping on me."

• Tommy Young, a new basketball coach at The American University, asked if he was optimistic about inheriting nine lettermen from last year's team. "You can't be optimistic. When you're four and 19, and everybody's back, you're in trouble."

• Steve Spurrier, former Florida and current 49er quarterback, on Florida sophomore star John Reaves: "It was all right for him to break all my old records, but I thought he'd do it gradually—not all in one afternoon." **END**

Jack Pardee's son beat him at his own game.



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NEVER PUMPKINS AGAIN

A seven-year joke—and a fraying one at that—the Mets brought joy to New York with a succession of World Series victories that would be hard to match for dramatic impact or for sheer improbability **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

It was nearing midnight in the Diamond Club four stories above what remained of the playing field at Shea Stadium, and the New York Mets, the most improbable champions in 100 years of professional baseball, gathered in a circle around the bandstand. Swaying back and forth with their arms wrapped around each other, they sang *Heard* from the musical, *Damn Yankees*. ("When your luck is battin' zero/Get your chin up off the floor/Mister you can be a hero/You can open any door, there's nothin' to it but to do it./You gotta have heart/Miles 'n miles 'n miles of heart. . .") Next they sang *God Bless America*. And then, as the clock struck midnight, they all turned back into pumpkins.

No, they didn't, not really, for somewhere in the delicious weeks leading up to their victory over Baltimore, the Mets had been touched with permanent magic. Of course, no world championship will ever be the same again, either, as Cecilia Swoboda pointed out to her husband the next morning in their home on Long Island. Ron Swoboda was talking—and talking and talking—about what had been one of the biggest upsets in World Series history when Cecilia smiled. "Ron," she said, "you can only win it for the first time once."

About the same time Al Weis, a man who hits a home run about as often as Gil Hodges smiles during a World Series game, thought again about the

homer that had tied Baltimore in the seventh inning of the fifth and final game. During eight years in the major leagues, both with the Chicago White Sox and New York, Weis had gone to bat more than 600 times before home crowds without hitting a homer. But he got hold of a fastball from the Orioles' Dave McNally and began to run as fast as he could. "When I got near second base," he said, "I started hearing the crowd roar and thought something must have happened. I guess I don't know how to react to a home run. I only know how to react to singles and doubles."

Also that day, as he cleared out his locker in Shea, Ken Boswell looked at the stack of mail before him. The hard-hitting second baseman had batted .422 through the Mets' stretch drive and had led the team with five runs batted in against the Atlanta Braves during the National League playoffs. As a bachelor from Austin, Texas he receives a lot of mail. "The girls from Brooklyn," Boswell said, "keep writing and inviting me to go over and try their spaghetti, but they'd have a better chance if they tried sparnibs. After I woke up this morning I went down into the street and some people were saying, 'There goes Ken Boswell.' When I got home to Austin they are going to have a Welcome Home Ken Boswell Parade. I hope they mean me and not some other Ken Boswell."

Despite all the things said by the Mets about their inspired victory, it remained

for Earl Weaver, the manager of the Orioles, to put his finger on the heart of the matter. After thinking over his team's defeat for two days, Weaver said, "We hit the ball right where they could show off their defensive ability." Almost unbelievably, after the first game nearly half of the balls hit by the Orioles for outs went toward either Shortstop Bud Harrelson or Centerfielder Tommie Agee, the two strongest gloves in the New York defense. Harrelson had a spectacular Series, going into the hole between third and short time and again to turn a hit into an out, and it will be a long time before anybody forgets Agee's play in center.

But the 66th World Series will be remembered for many things. Those were not really angels in the Met outfield: they were the Flying Wallendas. Donn Clendenon set a record for a five-game World Series by hitting three home runs and he only got into four of the games. For the first time in 35 years a manager, Baltimore's Weaver, got bounced from a Series game. When the Mets finally clinched the championship, a blizzard of ticker tape settled over Manhattan; and at Shea Stadium fans pulled up chunks of turf, festooning themselves with the magic sod as if its new-established healing qualities could cure all

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With victory, tens of paper cascaded on New York, and Manager Gil Hodges smiled at last.





Tommy Agee rescued the Mets in the third game when, with two on, he grabbed Elrod Hendricks' screaming opposite-field drive against wall.

THE METS *continued*

their fears and ills as merely walking upon it had cured those of their heroes.

The reason for the emotional binge, of course, was that just a short while before the Mets really had been pumpkins. Five days before the Series started, Casey Stengel, who alone made the Mets something to talk about eight years ago, stood in the victorious clubhouse after the playoff series against Atlanta. "Yes, yes, yes," said Stengel, "it's taken eight years but now the people are beginning to know their names!" Tom Seaver and Jerry Koosman and Cleon Jones, of

course; but now Weiss, Harrelson, Swohoda, Jerry Grote, Art Shamsky, Gary Gentry and Nolan Ryan, too. They were being talked about, admittedly as the urchins who threw the snowballs that knocked the stovepipe hats off the autocrats' heads.

In their first bungling year as a baseball team the Mets lost 120 games, and a saying developed around New York that went, "I've been a Met fan all my life." By 1967 New York had done all to baseball that could be done to it, and the natives were growing restless. During that year the Mets put uniforms

on 54 different players with results that are still frightening. Players sent their laundry out and had to have friends pick it up for them and mail it on to their next destination. The fans couldn't tell the players *with* a scoreboard.

In spring training this year Manager Gil Hodges explained how he felt about the constant shifting of personnel: "It doesn't do anything but breed unrest among the players," he said. "There's no feeling of security knowing you may be the next to go. Those days are over."

This year the Mets got to the World Series by using only 29 men, and their fol-

Three innings later, this time with the bases loaded, Agee raced to his left for Paul Blair's drive and made, if possible, an even better catch.





lowers knew who they were watching. Even the banners improved. Gone were the derogatory signs, as Shea Stadium's peculiar art form assumed a positive note that made the place more fun than ever before. As the Mets drove toward the division championship a large sign made of reflecting tape appeared high above home plate. LET'S GLOW METS! During the Series a sign greeted Baltimore's huge slugger, Boog Powell, with a 500 POUND BIRD. And in the victory crush on the field after the Orioles had been defeated for the fourth straight time, a youngster held a placard that said, TWEET TWEET.

The Mets seemed to have a unique rapport with their fans and talked about them frequently. They didn't resent it even when they were booed. Ed Kranepool won a game in July and got a tremendous ovation. Often the brunt of jokes, he said, "The last time they cheered me was when I signed." Swoboda, after striking out five times in one game, said, "They booed the hell out of me and if I was them I would have followed me home and booed me there, too."

Swoboda obviously learned something that day. In the Series he batted .400.

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As the ball fed into deep right center field, Agos dove, sprawled and had it in his glove.



Gary Gentry, who never hits, did against Baltimore, with a two-run double to center.



In fourth game Glan Jones slid hard to steal a hit from Dave Johnson.



Ran Seabrook saved the game with catch on Brooks Robinson.

drove in the winning run of the final game and made two magnificent catches. All the Mets, in fact, showed in the Series that they had come a long, long way. Following their defeat in the first Series game, their pitching settled down—something it was unable to do in the playoffs. After Don Buford's first-inning homer, when it seemed that Baltimore was about to decimate the Mets, only one Oriole leadoff man reached base in the next 26 innings. Only four times in all did an Oriole start an inning with a hit.

Baltimore's failure to handle New York pitching was most evident when Buford, Paul Blair, Brooks Robinson



Ump Crawford's finger ousted Earl Weaver.

and Dave Johnson were at bat. These four had a composite .080 for the Series and did not produce one extra base hit after Buford's fourth-inning double in the first game. Of the skimpy total of 23 hits that the Orioles collected, five came out of the ninth spot in the order. And of the nine runs batted in by Baltimore three were accounted for by Pitchers McNally and Mike Cuellar.

If there was a turning point in the Series it came in the second inning of the third game, with the Mets leading 1-0 on Agee's leadoff homer. With two out, Grote, who caught all five games, walked and was moved to second by Harrelson's single. Jim Palmer threw a terrible pitch

continued

Orioles crumbled in 10th when Don Buford (left) lost Jerry Grote's double, Mark Belanger (center) missed it and Paul Blair watched.





Series' most controversial play came in the 10th inning of the fourth game. Pinch Hitter J. C. Martin held down a perfect bunt and Pitcher Pete Richter and Hendricks scrambled for it (above). But Richter's throw to first hit Martin on the wrist (right), permitting the winning run to score. The fact that Martin ran illegally inside baseline went unnoticed at the time.





to Gentry, who promptly drove it into right center for a double to score Grote and Harrelson. In 74 at bats during the regular season and the playoffs, Gentry, one player who has never been accused of being a "pretty good hitter for a pitcher," batted home only a single run and hit but a solitary double. He was sweating out an 0-for-28 slump when he jumped on Palmer's bad pitch.

The third game may well turn out to be the best that Toennies Agee will ever play; it probably is the most spectacular World Series game that any centerfielder has ever enjoyed. Agee is easily the best example of Gil Hodges' patience. Twenty-seven different players had worked in center field for New York before Agee arrived in 1968 from the Chicago White Sox. On the first pitch of spring training that year he was hit in the head by Bob Gibson of the Cardinals, and early in the regular season he went through an 0-for-34 slump. He hit only .171 in Shea Stadium and seemed to take the Great Circle Route under fly balls. He was pressing. But, although he could not seem to do anything right, Hodges kept playing him, telling Agee not to quit on himself.

At first, 1969 was not an easy year for Agee, either. He encountered slumps and Hodges benched him but, as the Mets played good ball, Agee became a vital man in the attack. He started rallies on offense and stopped the opposition with fine catches in the outfield.

But nothing he did in the regular season approached his third-game performance. Behind 3-0, Baltimore started what looked like a big rally in the fourth inning by putting two runners on with two out and Elrod Hendricks at bat. Normally a pull hitter, Hendricks hit a pitch to deep left center, and Agee, shaded toward right, went galloping after the ball. He caught it two steps from the wall with a spectacular backhand catch to end the inning. Three innings later, after an even longer run, he dove to rescue a potential triple with the bases loaded. Agee had made a difference of five runs on defense with his fielding and one on offense with his homer as New

York won 5-0. The crowd of 56,335 at Shea Stadium sensed for the first time that the Orioles, doubtless a very fine team, could be had by the Mets.

New York's drive to the division championship, the National League pennant and finally the World Championship was surrounded by such hysteria and commercialized sentimentality that certain hard statistics were all but overlooked. The foremost of these shows how well New York played in Shea Stadium. From the middle of August through their final victory in the Series, the Mets won 26 of 31 games there—a percentage of .839. Before their final playoff victory over the Braves, New York pitchers gave up only six home runs in their last 253 innings played at Shea, a remarkable accomplishment since Shea Stadium is considered by home-run hitters as a hitting successor to the Mets' ancestral home, the Polo Grounds. Little wonder Baltimore had trouble.

The Orioles must now suffer through a long winter after what had been, until they met the Mets, a superior season. When Bowie Kuhn, the imposing new Commissioner of Baseball, shook hands with Weaver after the Series he said, "I've just congratulated the Mets and told them they'd beaten the best damn team in sight." The Orioles certainly were, and had it not been for an amazing catch here, a miraculous stab there they might have reversed the whole course of what, mystically, the whole country had begun to regard as inevitable—the triumph of the rankest underdogs. Instead, they return to Baltimore, where only a million watched them this year and perhaps fewer will care to view them the next.

Probably no man has suffered through a more frustrating Series than Frank Robinson. When he wasn't being walked by the careful Met pitchers, Robinson hit the ball hard—once for a home run, in the fifth and last game. But four of his smashes ended in nothing but beautiful outs. As Baltimore packed for its return home, Robinson said, "I'm awfully disappointed it all had to end this way for us. It would be silly to try and take anything away from the Mets because they just played great ball. But don't forget about us. We'll be back."

Now the Mets feel that they will be back, too, but search and you will not find a man in the entire organization who thought that 1969 would be a year in

which the team would win its division championship, let alone a World Series. This was to be a season in which the club became respectable and might even finish as high as third in the East. Just the year before they had wound up 16 games below .500 and in ninth place, 24 games behind pennant-winning St. Louis.

It was absurd to think that New York could win 100 games. But the Mets did. It is equally absurd to believe that those 100 games were won with luck. If one holds to the baseball cliché that the breaks tend to equal out, then maybe the Mets were repaid all in one season for seven long years of bad breaks.

But, more important, the Mets were a hungry club and gave of themselves as teams do only in novels. Only four of them had been regulars for as long as three years. It was a smart team. Of the 27 men who contributed to New York's rise, 22 had been to college—a remarkable percentage for a baseball club. And it was a team that was being prodded from underneath. This year the Met farm system produced four pennants in the minor leagues, twice as many as any other organization, which means that more good new Mets are on their way up.

Looking them over last week, Ted Williams said that he saw the possibility of the Mets becoming a dynasty, and it is pretty hard to doubt anything Teddy Ballgame says these days. Although dynasties have a way of lasting for about a year in the National League, the Mets, bless 'em, always seem to defy established principles. With their victory justly acclaimed as a triumph for baseball, it may be hoped that any residual tarnish from the hyperbole of Madison Avenue and New York politicians will soon wear off, leaving only the warm success that is likely to endure and honor the sport.

Anyone who drove away from Shea Stadium last week, past candy stores, playgrounds and lots in Queens and Nassau County, had to notice youngsters by the thousands throwing phantom baseballs and diving to make catches that really could not be made. The kids were dreaming that they were Agee, Jones and Swoboda; Seaver, Kosman and Gentry; Harrelson, Wes and Clendenen. And older people dreamed, too, and wondered if during any five days in their entire lives they had tried as hard as the Mets did.

END

Winning Pitcher Jerry Koosman and the Series' outstanding lifer, Dan Clendenen, gleefully welcomed home Ron Swoboda, whose eighth-inning double brought in the winning run in the fifth and triumphant game.

THE VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM

The Chicago Bears and the New Orleans Saints have perfect records—0 and 5. This doesn't mean they're the worst teams in the NFL (the 49ers are no world-beaters), but the fans are beginning to throw things.

CHICAGO, CHICAGO, THAT TOTTERING TOWN

by ROBERT F. JONES

Something is gravely wrong with Chicago. You can't tell it from looking at the town, for Chicago has always come on heavy. City of the big shoulders, as they say. New buildings stud the skyline with some of the most innovative architecture in North America. The shops in the Loop jingle with paying customers of all colors. The traffic along Lake Shore Drive runs thick and confident, arterial blood coursing through the heartland, as they also say. Pleasure boats prow along the breakwaters of the loveliest waterfront on the Great Lakes, slim barks and gutsy powerboats sailing, it seems, to some Byzantium of the blessed. One thinks of Yeats. But then the image fades, and Chicago appears in its true colors. A loser. Not even the Second City anymore, but the one city that has to blow it. For the stale smell of defeat lingers in every dark corner of Chicago, and not even the coarse, cold wind off Lake Michigan can scour it clean.

If sport can serve as a barometer of social change, the glass is falling fast in Chicago. In the jukeboxes of Old Town, the city's rather pale imitation of Greenwich Village, a favorite is *The Cub Song*: *Hey, hey, holy mackerel, The Cubs are on their way. They got the hustle, they got the muscle, Yes, the Cubs are on their way.*

Disenchanted Cub fans play it over and over again. Chicago's basketball team, the Bulls, has no fight song on the Old Town hit parade, but after losing two of three maybe they don't rate one. The Black Hawks, playing without holdout Bobby Hull, have dropped five in a row. As for the White Sox, they might as well have played their entire schedule in Mil-

waukee for all their fans cared. But the real crusher is the Bears. This is where Chicago's pride lives. The monsters of the Midway. The brass-knuckled scions of the House of Halas. And what are the Bears this year? Last.

Against the Minnesota Vikings—a team that hadn't beaten Chicago since 1965—the Bears cranked out just three yards rushing in the entire second half. Gale Sayers, once known as the finest runner in the game, has gained a total of 220 yards in 68 carries. Work it out. 3.25 yards a carry. Physically, at least, Sayers is fully recovered from his knee surgery of last year. Psychologically, the Kansas whirlwind has diminished to little more than a dust devil. You can see it even in practice, running an off-tackle slant as if someone was about to colcock him.

And if Sayers' impotence isn't enough, the Bears are suffering from other less predictable failures. Mac Perceval, once one of the most consistent field-goal kickers, had two kicks blocked in the first four games. Then there's Quarterback Jack Concannon. It's almost too easy to blame Concannon for everything wrong with the Bear offense. Ironically enough, his passing this year is his best ever. 60%, completions. Yet Jack still throws late—after his receivers have made their breaks. Or runs too early—before his targets have got clear. Dick Gordon, his best wide receiver, has broken loose countless times, only to look back and see Concannon sacked or sprinting. "I'm out there and I'm open," says Gordon, with a touch of self-pity. "That's my job and I'm doing it."

Add to all this the matter of breaks, and you begin to understand what Ed O'Bradovich, the wicked defensive end, means when he laments, "If it wasn't

for bad luck, we wouldn't have any luck at all." For example, in the Viking game, which the Bears lost 31-0, backup Safety Garry Lyle burst through to block a field-goal attempt by Fred Cox from the Bear 47. The ball bounced off Lyle's chest and back into Cox's arms, and the startled kicker scampered to the Bear 29 for a first down. From there, the Vikings pushed to the Bear six, but were thrown back to the eight. Then Joe Kapp, the Viking quarterback, overthrew Gene Washington in the end zone, but a Bear defender interfered, and the Vikings had first and goal on the one. Kapp passed for the touchdown, and the game was out of reach. The Bears talk a lot about fate. Says Dick Gordon, "Zeus must really be mad at us."

All right, now we get to the really bad stuff. During the third quarter of the Viking game, which happened to be the Bears' home opener, the fans turned vicious. Those who didn't walk out began shouting abuse. Some even threw bottles at the players. Wide Receiver Bob Wallace was hit on the helmet with an empty gin bottle. The same voices that only three years ago were snarling derision at Quarterback Rudy Bukich began to chant: "We want Rudy!" The Wrigley Field staff say they have never seen Chicago fans in so foul a mood.

The rage has even spilled over into public print—a real breakthrough in Chicago, where the papers and TV stations are traditionally apologists for the teams. Now you can read that "The [Bear] offense has joined the Peace Corps," or that Guard George Seals "could have stayed home and watched the game on TV for all he contributed to the Bears' operation." One of the lazier lines relates to Chicago's bright young coach: "Hang down your head, Jim Dooley,

hang down your head and cry." In fact, a *Daily News* sports editor recently ran an open letter to George Halas: "Papa Bear, come back. . . . Jim Dooley is a nice young man, but what the Bears need is a grouchy old man, one who is willing to kick them in the billfolds or other parts of their anatomy."

In the cocktail lounges and cafeterias rumors are rife that the old man will indeed return as head coach—another manifestation of Chicago's malaise, for the old man is not coming back. He is 74, and he just can't do it anymore. Not that Halas is failing. His jaw is as firm as ever, and his handshake even firmer. Says Ed McCaskey, Papa Bear's son-in-law, "He has faith in this kid."

At 39, Jim Dooley is hardly a kid. A tall, horn-rimmed kind of guy who once was an offensive end and later inherited the defensive-coaching job vacated by George Allen. Dooley is one of the few NFL coaches who has experience both ways. His main problem is that he's too much the gentleman. "When Dooley tells you to kill," says one Bear, "you've just got to laugh. He wasn't that kind of a ballplayer." After the Viking debacle Dooley got tough. As the Bears prepared for last Sunday's do-or-die game with Detroit, Dooley worked his team mercilessly. Practices ran for 2½ hours, with contact scrimmages culminating the drills. Throughout the week, the tone of the team was sullen, introspective. George Seals talked to no one, Dick Butkus hit everyone and Cornerback Benne McRae worried out loud. "I've never seen our effort and the results so far out of proportion," he said. At the end of Friday's workout Dooley resorted to rhetoric. He promised that the Bears would "come back," using the phrase at least five times in a strident voice and warning that any player who didn't put out 100% would soon be unemployed. The Bears stood at attention throughout the speech.

"There are no quitters on this team," said Center Mike Pyle after the practice. "We're better than 0 and 4. But it gets to you. I haven't even been reading the papers. I've been hiding out." Pyle looked at the empty stands, the autumnal sun barely taking the chill off the air. "I grew up in this town," he said, "and I used to sit in those stands and growl at the Bears. But when I started to play I began to get hot at the fans. Still, they see it like it is. We're



George Halas, now 74 and the Bears' chairman of the board, denies he will return as coach.

losers right now. It's up to us to win."

Game day in Detroit broke in keeping with the Bears' mood. A relentless, soaking rain turned the field in Tiger Stadium into a swamp even before the kickoff. Both coaches were starting reserve quarterbacks, Detroit's Joe Schmidt going with second-year-man Greg Landry—since Bill Munson had broken his throwing hand a week earlier in the Green Bay game—and Jim Dooley, looking to a future of sorts, starting his southpaw rookie, Bobby Douglass. Four minutes into the second quarter Douglass hit Bob Wallace with a 32-yard touchdown pass. It was the first time this year that the Bears had opened the scoring, but the Lions came right back with a touchdown to make it 7-7. "Well," said one Chicago sportswriter, "it was fun while it lasted."

He was right. Detroit began the sec-

ond half with a 70-yard drive that terminated in a 20-yard field goal by Errol Mann. Although Dooley kept Sayers on the bench for most of the second half, feeling his heavy backs would be more effective on the muddy field, Douglass was able to move the Bears into field-goal range. Then Zeus frowned, and Percival missed from the 38. There it was, Percival now 2 for 8 on the season. Dooley turned to Concannon, but to no avail. Mann kicked a 46-yard field goal and the Lions won 13-7.

That spelled 0 and 5—the worst start for a Bear team since 1945. Oh, those poor, downrodden Bears! As the game ended an announcer alerted the 54,732 fans in Tiger Stadium to stay around for a Little League game immediately after the game. "No," yelled a Chicago sportswriter, "this is the Little League game. Later we get the pros."

CONTINUED

In sunny, windswept Tulane Stadium last Sunday, 80,636 hyperexcited New Orleanians howled, stomped, booed and occasionally cheered through 2½ hours of what may be the country's best variety show. They saw a huge hot-air balloon, a thousand pigeons, five thousand red-and-white toy balloons and the Baltimore Colts go into orbit, and the only sour note was that their beloved Saints couldn't get off the ground and lost by a score of 30-10.

Not that losing is a unique experience. This was the fifth straight defeat for the Saints, giving them a perfect record—0 and 5. Usually, when a team gets off to so miserable a start, the fans stay home and watch TV, but not in New Orleans. Although it booed the Saints lustily now and again, it was an astonishingly good-natured crowd.

In part this may have been due to the harem-scarum, hell-for-leather game the Saints play. They go at it with fervor and a kind of contagious abandon, and when they trailed off the field at the end of the afternoon the crowd gave them a great big hand.

WHEN THE SAINTS GO STUMBLING OUT

by **TEX MAULE**

Unfortunately, the Saints caught the Colts bounding back from a disappointing month and John Unitas at his impeccable best: he completed 20 of 28 passes for 319 yards and three touchdowns. Although New Orleans Quarterback Billy Kilmer was no slouch himself, hitting 20 of 35 for 219 yards, whatever small chance the Saints had to win was nullified by dropped passes, fumbles, interceptions and untimely penalties. Nonetheless, the impression was that, given enough time, the Saints will someday go marching in.

Among other misfortunes, the team had to do without the strong moral support of Owner John Mecom Jr. on the sideline during the first half. Mecom went into a local hospital last Friday in preparation for an operation for diverticulitis. He made it to the game, but his doctors insisted he watch from the press box. They wasted their breath. With the Saints

trailing 16-0 at the half, Mecom went down on the field, taking his customary position on the sideline. And the Saints did better with Little John on their level—they scored 10 points and held the Colts to 14.

New Orleanians are not new to adversity or to unusual behavior by their leaders. In 1967, for instance, when the Saints were awarded their NFL franchise, Mayor Victor Hugo Schiro, a Joe Kuhn-type magician with words, said, "After an exhaustive investigation the league decided that New Orleans was indeed a big-league city, that its leadership was Johnny Unitas-ish."

It may be that Mayor Schiro wasn't voicing a majority opinion. In one Mardi Gras parade a New Orleans voter cast a decidedly negative ballot against Schiro—he threw a bag of manure at him. The mayor leaped nimbly out of the way, letting the Mardi Gras queen,



John Mecom Jr., at 30 the youngest NFL owner, stands in the splendor of his New Orleans apartment. He says he's sticking with Coach Tom Flores.

who was sitting next to him on the reviewing stand, take a direct hit. "It was hilarious," said the mayor later.

New Orleansians are also, obviously, passionate. They have taken the Saints to their hearts much as New Yorkers embraced the Mets during their pre-world championship days. But there is not the uncritical love New York lavished on the Mets. When the Saints are having a bad day, which, being young and relatively unskilled, they do more often than not, the fans are apt to boo them and, more concretely, to bombard officials with empty beer cans or whatever other missiles come to hand. No one has yet pinked Meem, who at 30 is the youngest owner in the NFL, although he normally presents a handsome target, prowling the sideline, exhorting his heroes, somewhat to the dismay of the other owners and to the displeasure of Commissioner Pete Rozelle.

Meem, who is as big as most of his football players (6'3", 215 pounds) and who briefly played for Oklahoma before an injury ended his career, has an almost irrefutable answer to requests that he retire to the press box or to a seat in the stands. "If I had wanted a seat in the stands," he says, "I could have bought one each Sunday for \$6. I own the club and I want to be where the action is."

In the Saints' maiden season Meem got so close to the action that he was bawled out by Rozelle. The Saints were playing the Giants in Yankee Stadium when a free-for-all broke out among the players. In the course of battle a group of Giants fell upon Doug Atkins, the Saints' 39-year-old defensive end, and Meem rushed onto the field to help his fallen player. Freeman White, then in his second year with the Giants, took a swipe at Meem with his helmet—a sign of immaturity, since veterans keep their helmets on their heads when a fight breaks out. Meem dodged the swing and hit White in the belly with a right hook, dropping him. The officials rushed in and succeeded in breaking up the melee and escorted Meem—who may have the dubious honor of being the only owner in NFL history to score a one-point victory over an opposing player—off the field. When Meem's departure was shown on instant replay, his figure was thoughtfully circled with light to make sure the fans recognized him.

Despite the fact that Rozelle dis-

plined him, Meem persists in remaining on the sidelines, but he has learned his manners. "I've never heard him second-guess the coaches or get in a beef with the officials," says George Owen, Meem's representative with the players and his right-hand man. "He is a perfect gentleman on the sidelines."

Whether it is because of Meem's deep personal involvement with his players or because of the morale-building ability of Head Coach Tom Fears, the Saints, despite their losing record, are a close-knit, ebullient group. One day last week, as they prepared for their game with Baltimore on the practice field Meem built for them, they were loose and confident and spending a good bit of time kidding Doug Atkins about his dog. This animal was tied at the edge of the field, where he was sleeping. In the dressing room after practice Atkins handled him gently, showing a friend a series of deep slashes on the dog's neck.

"His name's Rebel," said Atkins. "He's a pit bull and a hell of a fighter. Matched him with a Doberman last night and the Doberman gave him fits for four or five minutes, but ol' Rebel never quit. Why, he can fight at full speed for 35, 40 minutes and he finally wore that Doberman right down. Got him down and probably would have killed him, but ol' Rebel ain't got any teeth. Had to gum the Doberman until he quit."

Rebel walked into a corner, moving gingerly, as if he were aching, and then flopped down. He's a good-looking black-and-white creature, gentle and friendly with humans.

"His muscles are sore," Atkins said. "Just like me on Monday after a ball game. Takes a while to get rid of the aches and pains."

"He don't know quit," another player said. "Makes no difference how big the other dog is, ol' Rebel just keeps going." And Doug don't make no easy matches for him, either. You'd figure he'd match him with a cocker spaniel or something once in a while, just for a breather, but he never does. He don't get any more easy contests than we do."

The fans in New Orleans, although they continue to come out in surprising numbers to watch the Saints, don't understand that the club can't be expected to win consistently, since it is usually in tougher contests than Rebel's. It is, after all, an expansion team with the flaws inherent in expansion teams, accentuated

by a dearth of first draft choices.

Meem traded a first draft pick for Green Bay's Jim Taylor in 1967, then was assessed a 1969 first draft choice and forced to give San Francisco the Saints' 1968 first draft pick, Tackle Kevin Hardy, for signing End Dave Parks after he had played out his option with the 49ers. As a result Fears has had to try to put together a representative team with veterans obtained in the expansion draft and draft choices selected after the cream of the college crop had been skimmed, and he has done a fine job with the material.

Fears is a tall, balding man who wears a gold watch with a black face, a reward for playing with the 1951 Los Angeles Ram championship team. He got a gold ring with a diamond as an assistant coach for the Packers during the Vince Lombardi championship era. So far, all the Saints have given him are a slightly harried expression and a somewhat doubtful view of the future.

"I know how it is," he said one night before the Baltimore game. "When a team is losing, the coach goes. That's pro football, but I hope I get time to bring this team on. They are real tough competitors. I've never seen this group quit."

Last Friday, several radio stations reported that Fears had been fired, prompting Meem to issue a denial from his hospital bed. "I'm the owner and Fears is the coach, and I think he's a good one," he said. Meem had been watching a housewife-oriented variety show on a color television set and seemed happy to be able to talk football. "I've made some mistakes as an owner and I guess I'll make some more," he continued. "But I stick by my people. I know Tom needs time."

After the game Meem returned to the hospital. He has a million-dollar home in Houston and a *pois-a-terre* in New Orleans over the Saints' offices on St. Charles Avenue. This apartment is a modest affair of six bedrooms, a kitchen equipped to feed an army and a living room the size of a basketball court.

Meem will miss the next two or three Saint games, and by the time he is released from the hospital his club may have won one. After all, four of their five losses have been to top contenders. Unfortunately, the Saints are in much the same shape as Rebel. They have unlimited courage and enthusiasm, but not enough teeth.

END

NBA

goodbye to the old balance of power

Russell is gone. Alcindor and Hawkins are here, new coaches run three key clubs and nothing will ever be the same again. The shifts in talent bring the teams closer together, increasing the enjoyment of fans but complicating the chores of forecasters like our own Frank Deford. To reflect all the changes through competitive performance, Deford here bases his scouting reports and prophecies on preseason exhibition games involving all 14 NBA squads.

NEW YORK BALTIMORE

The Bullets had the best regular-season record and the worst playoff record in the league last year, the latter distinction courtesy of the Knicks, who beat them four straight. It is not fair to say, though, that the Bullets, like some other Maryland treats—crabs and Cokes—are good only in season. The Bullets staggered into the playoffs with scarcely a sound muscle. The Knicks suffered injuries, too, but the New York survivors turned out to be the best first unit in the league. Significantly, those five men were on the floor in Salem, Va. when the first ball of the 1969 NBA exhibition season went up. The Knick starters are all good shooters and all move well without the ball, so when Walt Frazier—the portrait of Oscar Robertson as a young man—gets double-teamed as he penetrates, he finds an open man who can hit. In the four games last spring he made nearly as

many assists as the whole Baltimore team. Remembering how they had been picked clean by Frazier's passes the Bullets were less disposed in Salem to help out when he slipped through the perimeter, preferring to stay with their own men. So Frazier shot more himself, went 9 for 11 and broke open the game. Only the most sophisticated team defense can thwart New York. Unlike its opponents, Baltimore concentrates more on individual play when it has the ball. "We have a lot of plays, but they are geared to create one-on-one situations," says Coach Gene Shue, the last flatfoot on your block. Indeed, it is the Bullets' team joke that their defense is so tough because four guys out of the five are always able to rest on offense. It works out pretty well, however, because the man with the ball most of the time is Earl Monroe, who has made the Bullets an extension of his own flamboyant style. Nevertheless, it took the addition of Wes Unseld, rebounding and whipping the ball out on the break, to make Baltimore a winner. Unseld, a 6'7 1/2" center, earned his MVP, beating out New York Center Willis Reed for the honor. Unseld gets more rebounds than the

Knick captain, but then Reed has more dependable rebound help from Dave DeBusschere. Opponents may try sagging more on Unseld this year, testing his jumper, but no one can afford that luxury with Reed. The Knicks' biggest edge is on defense, though. They can press all over, and they are hard to attack at any one spot, because in Reed, DeBusschere and Frazier they have a superb defensive player at each position. Baltimore, on the other hand, has only one man who is in that class, the handsome and husky-throated Gus Johnson, and, not surprisingly, he is sometimes called on to defend against guards and centers as well as the strong forwards like DeBusschere. The Bullets need his speed and versatility to repeat, but he is a perennial Purple Heart; he went out after 49 games last year with a serious knee injury. The year's biggest comeback, of course, has been made by Knick Forward Dave Stallworth, who sat out the last two years after having a heart at-

continued

Up in the air to shoot, Walt Frazier spots an open teammate and passes off instead, following the attempt at a block by Wes Unseld.



tack. He will make it tougher for Cazzie Russell and assorted other forwards to find playing time. "It's not my concern," says Red Holzman, the phlegmatic Knick coach. "They'll solve that for themselves." A trade for a guard would be another way.



The 76ers were the highest-scoring team in the league last year and the Royals were the best shooters, but both burned out early. Cincinnati lacked depth only less than discipline; often some players

passed up team travel and flew about the country to games as it suited them. There was no trouble like that on the 76ers. Indeed, Jack Ramsay may be the most respected as well as the best coach in the sport today. Philadelphia failed to catch Baltimore and then lost to Boston in the playoffs because it was worn down, especially in the front court, where strong centers and offensive forwards beat the 76er big men. Now Luke Jackson is back at a slim 248, with a repaired Achilles' tendon, which should make the 76ers tougher in the pivot, and Ramsay thinks he has licked the other deficiencies by placing more emphasis on conditioning and by picking up Jim Washington from Chicago for Chet Walker. Washington has more stamina and mobility than Walker and better looks than anybody in the NBA,

but for the 76ers to win on the deal he will have to attack the boards and do better against big forwards than he has in the past. With three top guards who, against some teams, are used together—Hal Greer moving up front—the 76ers will run more than ever. "About 15% of the time you get a natural break; maybe a quarter of the time you have no chance," Ramsay says. "It's that other 60% that we want to try to make the break as much as possible."

At the other extreme, the Royals set up patiently last year and on defense played what amounted to a passive, sloughing zone. A new, aggressive front office lured Bob Cousy in to coach and, in turn, he is making the team go hell-for-leather on the court, the way his Celtics did. Of course, the Celtics had a center to get them the ball. The Royals' cen-

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER IOBES JR.



ter, Connie Oserling, improves with age, but he is better at the end of a break than starting it. Oscar Robertson and Jerry Lucas assured Cousy they would submerge their individual styles, and they have never worked better together at what O calls "fun basketball" than they did in preseason games. Oscar does not control play so much, and Lucas must set up on the weak side, away from the ball in Cousy's "single tandem" offense—Dierking and Forward Tom Van Arsdale (shifted from guard) placed side by side in a low post. The Royals and 76ers recently met across the river from Philly, in Camden. For Cousy, it was his first pro coaching test. For 76er All-League Forward Billy Cunningham, it was the first appearance before Philadelphia fans since he signed to play with the ABA in 1971. They cheered Billy lust-

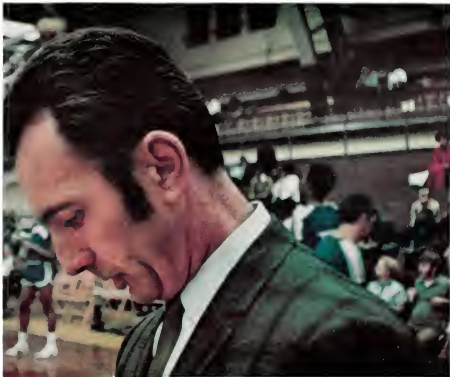
ily. Apparently tickle Philadelphians don't mind if you want to leave; they only get mad, as Joe Kuharich and Richie Allen know, if they decide before you do that they want you to leave. Cousy's Royals did not fare so well, as Philadelphia's guards forced mistakes. It was apparent why Cousy, at 41, wanted to come out of retirement: to rest Oscar a few minutes of each game, or even to give O occasional chances up front. (It would also have been a promotional coup, Cousy says candidly.) As rookie Guard Herm Gilliam was learning the ropes, Cousy could have kept the Royals moving, revving up the action that is mounting all over the NBA. "You don't see that boring one-on-one stuff much anymore, the big man just backing and muscling in," says Jack Ramsay. "It's a better game now than ever before."

CHICAGO DETROIT

Neither the Pistons nor the Bulls made the playoffs last year, and changes were inevitable. Detroit went for a new coach, hiring Butch van Breda Kolf perhaps on the assumption that after the Lakers he would feel at home with the usual clutch of Piston eccentrics. Chicago made two big trades and threw out the management whose mismanagement had attracted crowds as low as 348 and had failed to sign its first two draft choices. Detroit lost its top three draft picks, and it also lost Dave Bing to the ABA.

continued

At halftime of the Royals' game with Philadelphia, Bob Cousy ponders the difficulties of a rookie coach trying to change his team's style.



effective 1971. Then Bing missed the exhibitions because of a minor knee operation. This gave Jimmy Walker a chance at the spotlight, and Walker, 20 pounds lighter, looked, at last, like the player he was supposed to be when the Pistons made him the league's first draft pick two years ago. Since he and Bing are almost carbon copies in style, however, the problem of playing them together will soon have to be faced again. Detroit is a most unbalanced team. It has an excess of guards and no big, tough forwards. At center, Walt Bellamy, still wearing his Knack socks, plays ahead of Otto Moore, a promising young man who was too thin and weak last year. When Detroit met Chicago recently in Cleveland, Mich., Bellamy showed his customary bad hands and the ineffectiveness he has long displayed when facing the weaker teams. Unfortunately, because it does not have the strong forward, Detroit cannot afford to give up Bellamy's strength in the middle in favor of giving Moore experience.

Chicago won the game without much help from a very thin bench. The Bulls need a playmaker, also, but at least they have acquired speed up front so that now they can run on occasion—or, more important, contend with teams that fast-broke them to death last year. The key man is Bob Kantorian, traded by Seattle because he did not provide enough offense. The other new forward, Chet Walker, is supposed to supply the scoring. A veritable pensioner on this team at 29, Walker is the first genuine one-on-one cornerman the Bulls have ever had. He must be rested to be effective, and the same is true of Center Tom Boerwinkle, who will get little help from Walt Wesley. The starting backcourt, consisting of Jerry Sloan and Clem Haskins, is more durable. Both can shoot, and Sloan, the original Charlie Hustle of basketball, is an All-Star defensive player. Challenging a shaboleth, Coach Dick Motta does not always use Sloan against the opponent's best offensive guard, but instead vies him on the second guard, figuring that Sloan will cause an even more significant lag in the rival offense if employed that way. The team will be helped considerably by the fact that its schedule has been cut to 82 games this year, as opposed to 164 last season when the players had to huddle the front office every day before they came out onto the court.

BOSTON ATLANTA

Facing each other on a Southern tour, the Hawks and Celtics were a good match because each had lost its big man. Bill Russell had retired to legend, and Zelmo Beaty was holding out, palavering with the ABA (he later signed with the L.A. Stars). Rated "the best shooter I ever played against" by Walt Chamberlain, Beaty will be missed, but Boston's loss is even more consequential. "We are undergoing a heart transplant," says Tommy Heinsohn, the new Celtic coach. Forced to adjust, both clubs have the distinct advantages of possessing depth and having played together longer than most teams. In Richie Guerin the Hawks also have one of the very best coaches as long as the players continue to accept and improve under his fabled tongue-lashings. Guerin spent the summer talking and watching game films with his floor leader, Walt Hazzard, and each now knows exactly what the other is thinking. For his part, Heinsohn inherits the situated team in sports, so the Celtics will make accommodations for playing without Russell—especially on defense—faster than might be expected. Atlanta has a pretty fair replacement for Beaty in Jim Davis, a late-bloomer, and Bill Bridges can shift from the corner to spell him. The Hawks lost a lot of offensive rebounding when Paul Silas was traded to Phoenix, but Gary Gregor, who moves up, can shoot better. Guerin has also switched Joe Caldwell to forward, putting Lou Hudson, a better shooter from outside, at guard. With less strength up front, Atlanta will look to the backcourt for additional scoring this year. The team will run more, and its defenses will be closer to man-for-man than what everybody except the NBA calls a zone. Heinsohn is trying to restate the oldtime Celtic running game which, under Coach Russell, had become somewhat disorganized. John Havlicek will swing more as a guard this year to help with the break and take up the shooting slack left by Sam Jones' departure. But all the guards can run a break, the problem is getting the ball out to the guards fast enough. Two





counts slow nearly every time," Heinsohn moaned at halftime as the Celtics broke only sporadically on their way to losing to the Hawks (113-109) in Jackson, Miss. Russell's replacement is Henry Finkel, obtained from San Diego. Though he is slow and his lack of agility often leads to excessive fouling, Finkel is a good shot from a distance, where he will also fit in well setting picks for the motion-conscious Boston offense. If he learns to block out rather than trying to outjump opponents, he could also become a more formidable rebounder, but the dexterity required to whip the ball out for a break may be beyond his capacity. The defeat in Jackson notwithstanding, Red Auerbach is drafting wisely again. Jo Jo White is still in the Marines, but Don Chaney, starting his first full season, can do everything but shoot, and fourth-round pick Steve Kuberski is tough and nimble. Like Chaney, the Hawks' first choice, Butch Beard, is stylish but a weak shooter. But the real rookie hero is a Hawk who may destroy the reputations of all the scouts of the 13 other NBA clubs. Grady O'Malley, a cherub-faced strong boy from Manhattan College, who was the 214th player drafted (out of 218), can play better right now than some first-round picks.

SEATTLE SAN DIEGO

The West Coast teams in the NBA played a more civilized exhibition schedule than did the East, with doubleheaders in large arenas, and the Seattle SuperSonics were at home in one nightcap against their 1967 expansion brethren, the San Diego Rockets. Eight of the 14 Sonics wear beards or mustaches, the most horsate squad since the House of David or F. Castro's diamond All-Stars. The Sonics are also easily distinguishable for their style of play, in a league where virtually every team wants to run more Seattle plans mostly on a set game, with Lennie Wilkens, the new coach and the play-

maker, helping his plodding frontline get baskets—the same way he did for the slow but steady old St. Louis Hawks. The Sonics have outstanding speed in the backcourt, however, and sometimes—as they did against the Rockets—they will run despite themselves. The hero of the game, as he had been the night before against L.A., turned out to be Lucius Allen, much the best new guard in the league. Wilkens took himself out and watched Allen score eight of the Sonics' last 13 points, make steals, play defense and run the team like, well, not unlike Lennie Wilkens. Seattle won 128-126. The third player selected in last May's draft—after Alcindor and Neal Walk—Allen shows no effect from having missed his senior season at U.C.I.A. He plays with the assurance of a three-year veteran, and surely would start if it were not for Wilkens and second-year-man Art Harris, who is almost as quick as, and a bit taller than, Lucius and a better shooter from far outside. Allen's optimum range is from 12 to 18 feet, and his touch is as good as it was in college. Even if Rod Thorn must be rested a lot because of his leg injury, Seattle's backcourt will be top drawer, but the ultimate edge in the sport is in rebounding, and here San Diego is clearly superior. Elvin Hayes, Don Kojis and John Block lead a frontline that works the boards well at both ends. Most of the Rockets can hit also, and one opposing scout thinks they got the two best shooters—Bobby Smith and Bernie Williams—in the draft. The Rockets work hard to set up the right one-on-one situations for their drivers and shooters, and since playmaker Rick Adelman, a seventh-round draft choice in 1968, has shown enough improvement to be entrusted with guiding the team, the Rockets should move up exactly as fast as the Big E matures. Though he led the league in scoring last year, Hayes seldom gave up the ball and had a tendency to personalize team problems. He pointed childishness when Wes Unseld beat him out for Rookie of the Year. He returned home in a huff this summer from a Hawaiian NBA All-Star tour when a P.A. announcer inadvertently failed to introduce him. Against Seattle, however, Hayes twice passed off to undefended teammates as he maneuvered into shooting position himself. Last year he would have taken the shots. Hayes also battled to a rebounding standoff with Bob Rule,

Illustrating San Diego's frontcourt power, Elvin Hayes and John Block contest a close shot by Seattle's witless center, Bob Rule.

continued

the Sonics' hard-working lefty center, and when Forward John Tresvant kept scoring, Hayes asked for and got permission from Coach Jack McMahon to play him for a while. He cooled Tresvant off, too. Tresvant is one of three frontline Sonics still unsigned, a fact that could make Wilkens' rookie coaching season even more difficult. Seattle got Bob Boozer from Chicago because it lacked a good shooting cornerman, and if Boozer can resist a tendency to inch in and clog the middle, opponents will not be able to slough off him and collapse on Rule underneath. More than they need shooting or even rebounding, however, the Sonics require a sharper defense—the kind of defense Wilkens alone plays. "Coaching hasn't affected Lennie's hands," observed McMahon, after Wilkens made another steal.

PHOENIX MILWAUKEE

Why waste words? Lew Alcindor can take Milwaukee from the cellar to the championship of the world; Connie Hawkins can lend Phoenix, a .195 team last year, to the Western Division title. Whatever happens, these two players will transform the balance of power in the NBA as nothing has since Bill Russell came back from the Melbourne Olympics and with his defensive genius forced a change in the style of every team in the league. Alcindor's value to Milwaukee is almost beyond reckoning. As he

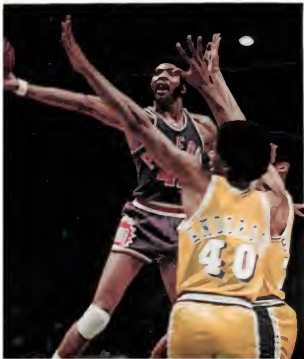
did at UCLA, he makes every man on his team a more effective player, not only through inspiration, but because his presence preoccupies rivals. He is—in no particular order—quick, agile, huge, smart, a good shooter, a team player, a winner. No, he is not as strong as Wilt Chamberlain, Nate Thurmond and some other centers—and he also cannot carry a tune as well as Mahalia Jackson or ride a horse like Braulio Baeza. But he comes as close as one man can to dominating a game played by 10 men.

Hawkins' talent, though not so overwhelming, is often more enjoyable to watch and, since he has played in exile for so long, he has the same effect upon the observer that a lost Rembrandt discovered in an attic has upon an art hunter. His trademark—like a Baylor corkscrew drive or a Russell block—is his "hesitation hook," delivered with an elegance that no man his size (6' 8", 219 pounds) should possess. Hawkins sweeps toward the basket with long strides, veers to the right, leaps high, holds the ball outstretched away from the basket, hangs suspended for two heartbeats and at last flips the ball through the rim.

When Phoenix played Milwaukee, Coach John Kerr kept his center—Jim Fox or Neal Walk—on a high post to give Connie room to start something in the corner. Both centers are good outside shooters and, in Paul Silas, the Suns have a superb rebounder opposite Hawkins. Gail Goodrich's slick style has not been disturbed by Hawkins' presence, as some surmised it would be, and he will start in the backcourt with Dick Van Arsdale, Kerr's "wild card," who gives the team defense wherever he plays.

Milwaukee was weak defensively last year, but with Alcindor they can gamble and overplay. Similarly, the forwards—notably Don Smith—are now better rebounders, as the opposition worries about where Lew is. Smith was a steal in a trade with Cincy, and Bobby Dandridge, the baby-faced shooting forward, was a good fourth-round draft pick. In the backcourt little Flynn Robinson, though undisciplined and poor on defense, has become a better driver. Both he and Jon McGlocklin can hit from far out, and when the Bucks need a ball handler there is Guy Rodgers. Early in his pro career Guy was setting up Wilt, but he won't go out doing that for Lew, because Coach Larry Costello seeks a balanced attack.

Protecting the ball from two opponents, Connie Hawkins flips it toward the basket as he sails in the opposite direction, an example of body control that invites comparison with Baylor.



LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

As the Lakers ended their preseason record with a 117-100 victory over a characteristically depleted Warrior team, it was apparent again what a startling effect the new L.A. coach, Joe Mullaney, has had on his charges. Low key, inconspicuous and uncommonly bright, Mullaney enjoys playing at self-deprecation. "Is Elgin still the captain?" the referee asked him before the game. "I believe so," Mullaney said, grinning. "They haven't told me otherwise." The new coach's personality and insight have been perfect for what was the NBA's most talented, and most divided, team. Mullaney professed no preconceived notions about how the Lakers should play, and he has worked hard to keep an open mind. Though his theories are not that dissimilar to those of the departed Butch van Breda Kolff, Mullaney has not asked Wilt Chamberlain to make major revisions in his traditional style of play the way V.B.K. did. Mullaney, for instance, has put Wilt back in the low post, but he has also informed him that he doesn't want him holding up the show there—waving the ball around and faking hand-offs. Instead, Mullaney wants quick shots right off Wilt's picks, and he has worked at making Elgin Baylor come hard out of the corner—which he didn't do last year—using Wilt's bulk to get open for midrange pops, the way Luke Jackson and Chet Walker used to work it in Philadelphia. Known at Providence College for his original thinking on defense, Mullaney is introducing four

new defenses of varying pressures that he expects the Lakers to use as the occasion requires. In the main he wants to utilize Wilt's strength and reach. With Wilt behind them, Mullaney is asking the others to overplay more, forcing rivals outside or to the baseline. With faster, younger players—notably Bill Hewitt, in his second year, and rookie Dick Garret—Mullaney also hopes to get the Lakers running again, the way they did before Wilt arrived. L.A. got a lot of good fast breaks in their exhibition against the Warriors, filling the lanes well, and with Jerry West leading the way and avoiding injury for a record fourth straight game, the Lakers overwhelmed a San Francisco team that is going nowhere except to court or the hospital. The Warrior injuries started on schedule this year when Clyde Lee tore

ligaments in an ankle 35 minutes after training camp started. Then Al Attles pulled a hamstring, and Nate Thurmond injured a thigh muscle. Rudy LaRusso retired, John Law said Rick Barry was still in the ABA and the best thing the Warriors got in the draft was named Denise Long and is only permitted to play in the preliminary girls' games. The Warriors have little frontline depth, and the forwards still display inability to penetrate, shooting from far out. The guards, headed by Jeff Mullins, can hit, but, except for Attles, they are weak in ball handling and on defense. The whole team is snakebit, anyway. An earthquake will never hit California when the Warriors are on the road. By contrast, the Lakers are far ahead of last year's pace, since all players actually talk to each other and the coach.

CONTINUED

Back in the low post position he prefers, Wilt Chamberlain acts a pick for a quick pop by Jerry West, the kind of use to which new coach Joe Mullaney hopes to put Wilt's bulk.



DEFORD'S PICKS

east

Milwaukee
Baltimore
New York
Cincinnati
Philadelphia
Boston
Detroit

west

Los Angeles
San Diego
Phoenix
Atlanta
Chicago
San Francisco
Seattle



Driving and twisting between New York's Willie Somerset (22) and Walt Simon, Carolina's versatile Doug Moe hits a spectacular layup.



ABA

**competition will be stimulating
but the quality is second best**

Where does the Lively League stand, as it enters its third year of existence? The most succinct summary of its status was provided last June 10 in a preliminary stock prospectus filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission by the Pittsburgh (then Minnesota) Pipers. The SEC is interested only in the facts, and the Pipers declared: "The future of the company is entirely dependent upon significant public acceptance of the American Basketball Association which is itself heavily dependent upon its ability to attract and retain the best college basketball players. To date, the American Basketball Association has not enjoyed significant public acceptance nor has it been successful in attracting the best college players."

A lot has transpired since June 10, but not nearly enough to alter significantly that self-appraisal. The best team in the ABA would still finish in the NBA cellar, and though that is a judgment impossible of proof, there are definitive criteria demonstrating that the ABA is not yet major league. No league in these times can pretend to enjoy "significant public acceptance" unless it has a national network television contract and until it is a popular success in New York and in Los Angeles or the Bay Area of California. There is as yet no evidence that the ABA is anywhere near achieving these goals.

Between seasons a number of major events affecting the ABA took place. Those favorable to the ABA include:

- a change in league management. James Gardner becoming acting commissioner
- the signing of three NBA stars, Bill Cunningham, Dave Bing and Zelmo Beaty, for future delivery

- the signing of Olympic hero (and college undergraduate) Spencer Haywood to a '69-'70 contract with Denver
- the signing of four NBA referees
- the shifting of two franchises—moving Oakland out of Oakland and moving Houston to Carolina

Those events unfavorable to the ABA include:

- moving Oakland to a rundown arena in a poor location in Washington
- breaking off the merger talks
- failing to acquire network TV
- losing Connie Hawkins and Alex Hannum
- failing to sign 14 of the 15 NBA first-round draft choices

Only Larry Cannon chose the ABA's Miami over the NBA's Chicago, and the Italian professional league did about as well as the ABA in this competition. After three years of sound and fury and allegedly open checkbooks, the ABA has now signed 4.8% of the NBA's first-round choices. It is difficult to see how this qualifies as catching up.

One area in which the ABA *can* match the NBA is in the closeness of intraleague competition. Oakland, now Washington, was much too good for the rest of the league last year, even with Rick Barry lost because of an injury before the season was half over. But the battle for the other seven playoff spots was stimulating. This year, having lost Forwards Gary Bradds (who retired) and Doug Moe (who joins other former Carolina college players on the Cougars) as well as Coach Hannum, the Oaks/Caps should not be as strong.

Because the turnover of talent is so constant, however, it is not easy—or safe—to make long-range judgments about the ABA race. Only Solomon Grundy moved faster than many ABA players do—drafted on Monday, Cougar Tuesday, Rocket Wednesday, Chap

Thursday, Cap Friday, Net Saturday, free agent Sunday. Last year New York employed 23 players, Houston 22.

It is noteworthy that the Oaks won with the most stable roster in the league. Even more telling is the fact that they and the Indiana Pacers, the Eastern champion, had the best front lines in the league. Strong, mobile big men who can shoot and rebound have always been scarce, and now just about all of them are in the NBA. The ABA tries to favor the little man, anyway—baskets made from beyond an arc about 25 feet from the basket count three points. This thrilling innovation has not necessarily opened a pathway to success, however. Last year Oakland tried the three-pointer fewer times than anyone—making only 29 in 78 games. Obviously, with a good, big team, you should go for the old-fashioned percentages.

Haywood enters the ABA as no worse than second-best center, after Indiana's MVP, Mel Daniels, so his Rockets must be considered a threat to the Caps. So must Bill Sharman's young L.A. Stars, especially if Simmie Hall plays up to his potential, and if the team is not discouraged by empty seats, most of the Stars' games are scheduled when the Lakers are in town.

Indiana is the prize franchise in the ABA, the only one to make a profit. It averaged larger crowds than all but five NBA clubs and has a good radio-TV package to go with a big team that should repeat in the East, if only because no one else is much improved. Kentucky, Carolina and New York failed to sign any of their first five picks. Miami still needs help in the corners, so the biggest challenge may come from the Pipers, back in Pittsburgh minus Hawkins and three-quarters of a million dollars, but with a highly touted young coach, John Clark, and some good rookies. **END**

One of the league's few first-rate big men, Olympic star Spencer Haywood will make Denver a strong contender in the Western Division.



TRANSFORMED BY THE TRANSFER

Curly-haired Quarterback Dennis Dumnil, a refugee from nearby Long Beach City College, switched to UCLA and has helped turn a losing team into a contender for the Rose Bowl and national honors

by DAN JENKINS

Tell a Californian that his favorite movie hero puts his hair up at night and he'll laugh with you. Tell him his favorite starlet wears dungarees and drives a pickup truck. Joke about his clothes, his smog, his cars, the algae in his swimming pools, all of it. Just don't kid around about the California junior-college transfer system that turns out his Dennis Dummts and transforms his UCLA from a tired old 3-7 to a serious Rose Bowl contender.

This gets the Californian mad, this Eastern and Midwestern complaint about the so-called deepfreeze of football talent out on the West Coast. Everybody knows someone who was once a Jaycee. Your best friend was a Jaycee, your neighbors were Jaycees, your dentist, doctor, lawyer, psychiatrist and cleaning lady were all Jaycees, and it's one hell of an educational system. So what's the big deal every now and then if a Jackie Robinson or a Bob Waterfield or a Mel Farr or a Hugh McElhenny or an O.J. Simpson or a Dennis Dummt happens to come out of one of those Long Beach City Colleges?

Academically, the Californian will argue that two years in one of his Jaycee plants, en route to UCLA or USC or Cal is probably a whole lot better than two years in Ole Miss majoring in how to beat Alabama. There are 79 of these institutions sprawled all over the country's most populous state (almost twice as many as the next highest state) and only the top 12% of students make it into the big schools whether they can throw a pass like Dennis Dummt or not. The Jaycees, or community colleges as they are called, are part of California's master plan to get everybody some kind of higher education, and it is only natural that a good many talented football players come out of them. Out of 500,000 students in the community colleges, there couldn't help but be a few throwers and runners, could there?

What makes outsiders sort of sneer at the situation is, first of all, the fact that West Coast teams go around beating other people with all of their legendary transfer stars. In the spring they seldom know what kind of teams to expect, because it isn't September and the transfers haven't shown up yet. O.J. graduates, so USC might not have a runner, but along comes Clarence Davis out of East Los Angeles College and all is well. UCLA tries it a year without a

continued

A GALLERY OF OLD JAYCEES

Transfers are not new. Jackie Robinson helped lead UCLA to glory in 1931-35. Bob Waterfield guided the team to its first Rose Bowl in 1943 and Mel Farr was a hero during 1955-65.



Gary Beban, and Tommy Prothro is very unhappy with his 3-7 record. So in comes this Dennis Dummit from Long Beach City College, who can throw the football, and all of a sudden the Bruins are 6 and 0, averaging 37 points a game, exploding for 570 yards in total offense every Saturday, and, just like in the good times with Beban, the grandstands are shouting, "We're No. 1."

Another thing that encourages the wrath of outsiders is the fact that it is possible for a transfer athlete to play two or three games of varsity football before he has ever attended a class. UCLA had four such players do this very thing this season. Before the autumn semester began the four Bruins in question had helped Prothro's team put it on Oregon State, Wisconsin and Northwestern.

"This may strike some people as being unusual," said Prothro last week. "But it is any more unusual than an athlete helping his school win an NCAA championship in track and field in June after he's graduated? The rules permit both things."

Californians argue strongly that no such thing as a deepfreeze exists, the implication of that phrase being that the big schools put good athletes who are poor students into junior colleges for a year or two to keep them on hold.

"I don't know a coach who wouldn't rather have a kid come to him as a freshman than as a junior," Prothro said. "He would certainly know more about

what you're trying to accomplish. But the Jaycees play good football, and everybody recruits them the way you recruit high schools. They have to be good students to get in. And they don't always help you. For every great one you can name there are many more who never do the job. It used to be that a coach was hesitant to take a Jaycee kid. He figured the kid wouldn't fit in, but that's old-fashioned."

Actually, Prothro has not depended on Jaycee help at UCLA nearly as much as John McKay has at USC. There are only nine transfers on the Bruin squad right now. Only four transfers are starting on defense, and Dummit is the only transfer on the offensive unit. Only Dummit! It is Dummit who has turned UCLA around. But as transfers go, he is hardly what anyone could describe as having come out of the freezer.

First of all, nobody wanted Dummit when he got out of high school in Long Beach. Everybody wanted the guy who played ahead of him, a thrower named Bob Grich. UCLA signed Grich. But so did the Baltimore Orioles, and they paid him money. Grich still went to UCLA and played baseball in the Texas League instead of football in Westwood. Dummit, meanwhile, was talked to by Utah, Navy and Long Beach State and offered nothing. So he went to the community college to prove himself as a player, hoping to be offered a chance at the big time when he was a junior.

A good-looking, yellow-blond 6-footer, who wears a sweatband around his head to make his headgear fit, Dennis developed in the Jaycees as a passer, a cool, accurate thrower with what Prothro calls "the best anticipation" of any passer he's coached. Last December Prothro knew he wanted Dummit—needed Dummit—and he got him. Dennis enrolled in the spring quarter and had the spring drills to try and learn UCLA's multiple, highly-sophisticated offense, which features just about everything from pro spreads to triple options, with no doubt the widest spacing of any line in the country.

"We had to find a quarterback, and I went to the Jaycees to get one," said Prothro. "I'm happy I found one with a 3.6 grade average as well as an arm."

There can be no question that Dummit has made UCLA the biggest surprise among the nation's undefeated teams. If he can be as good as he was against California last Saturday in what was supposed to be UCLA's first stern test—good enough to make it a 32-0 laughter—then he just might hurl the Bruins past Stanford this week. Then the whole Rose Bowl thing, not to mention something to do with the national rankings, will come down once again to that stroll through the zoo known as the USC-UCLA game. Even should UCLA lose to Stanford—and it could—the USC game would be decisive, for a UCLA victory would throw the conference into a



Dummit's passing is balanced by UCLA's running attack, a formidable weapon as California found out when it tried to contain Mickey Curleon.

three-way tie and give the Rose Bowl nod to the Bruins for having a better overall record.

Prothro is still not sure how good UCLA is. There was no way for him to know after the Bruins had whipped only Oregon State (37-0), Pitt (42-8), Wisconsin (34-23), Northwestern (36-0) and Washington State (46-14). These were have-not teams. But he thought the Cal game would tell him something. Cal had lost to Texas in its opener, but it had come back to beat Indiana and then romp past Rice and Washington. It had a good defense.

Cal either told him nothing or it told him he had the best UCLA team of his career. "We have a chance to be better than either of our good Behan teams," Prothro said.

If UCLA is truly this good, Dummit's passing mixed with the running of Greg Jones and Mackey Cureton—strong, strong running—and Prothro's usual swarm 'em defense will be the reason. Last week on a pleasant fresh-air day in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, Dennis Dummit, with marvelous poise and confidence, hit five of the first eight passes he threw, two for touchdowns. The UCLA defense permitted Cal only one first down during the first two quarters, and there was nothing much left to decide.

Dummit, who saw UCLA play only one game in the two years he was at Long Beach, ran the offense as if he

had installed it instead of the coach. Mixing his passes to Gwen Cooper with the inside traps and counters of Jones and Cureton, the Bruins moved at their own pleasure and leisure. The game lolled along at 18-0 for most of the afternoon, with the suspense limited to whether both Jones and Cureton would gain over 100 yards. In the last few minutes, however, another guy got in the act. He was Bill Holden, who was once Behan's sub at quarterback but has since become a runner. His modest feat was to break through the Cal defense for touchdown runs of 65 and 41 yards and wind up with more than 100 himself.

Other teams have their Soeve Owensens, like Oklahoma, and their Clarence Davises, like USC—these being ballcarriers who are making assaults on yardage records—but one has to wonder whether a combination of them isn't the best thing. Jones, a rangy and powerful senior, and Cureton, a zippy, medium-sized junior, give UCLA a ground attack. In six games now Jones has piled up 542 yards, and Cureton has shot into the secondaries for 496 yards. Combined, they have ripped off 1,000 yards, and there are two of them to look out for instead of just one.

Put this running with Dummit's splendid passing performances, and what you've got is surely the most high-powered offense on the West Coast. Dummit hit on nine of 13 against Cal for 202 yards, and in his six games he has

thrown for 61 completions out of 107 tries for 1,201 yards and 11 touchdowns. Equally important, he has thrown only three interceptions.

Dummit is no Gary Behan. He may well have a more accurate arm and just as thorough an understanding of Prothro's offense, but he is about as much of a threat as a runner as Prothro himself. But his accuracy is devastating, and he runs the offense the way his coach wants it run, and the team follows him.

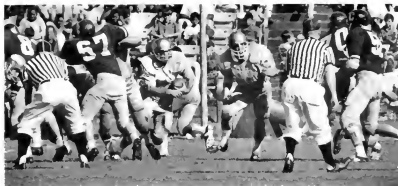
"I've always wanted to play major college football, to be a quarterback, to be a thrower," Dummit says. "I've had only two things in my hands for the last few years—a football and a golf club. Three or four days a week in the off season I throw and practice dropping back."

"Some kids have the knack of anticipating the route a receiver will take, of knowing just when to throw," Prothro adds. "Dennis has that knack. He's developed it, and he has the pure style of a good passer. I don't think he's great, and he doesn't either, although he's got confidence. But he's darn good. Better than most in the country."

And junior college did it. "My experience was invaluable," Dennis says. "I got to play a lot and learn something. If you're not a blue chipper out of high school, I'd recommend it."

So, of course, would Tommy Prothro, UCLA just might be headed for Pasadena this year by way of Long Beach.

END



Cureton's running mate is Halfback Greg Jones, who took advantage of gaping holes in the California line to grind out more than 100 yards.

JOSE SETTLES AN OLD ACCOUNT

Nemeses of a succession of Cuban fighters, Emile Griffith had taken titles from two of them and had the chance to tie a record when he went after Jose Napoles' welterweight crown

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

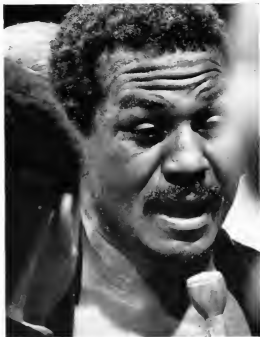
The partisans of Jose Napoles, welterweight champion of the world, like to call him "Mantequilla," the Spanish word for butter, which is what his boxing style is as smooth as. Otherwise, they ordinarily choose to honor him in a more demonstrative way, as they did during his virtuoso performance last Friday night at the Forum in the Los An-

geles suburb of Inglewood. While Mantequilla, a Cuban exile who now dwells in Mexico, was having his way with Emile Griffith, his churned-up followers were boisterously exercising similar denunciations over the scene of the action, and it was a tribute to the indestructibility of Griffith and the Forum alike that both were still standing at the end.

The Forum takes on a particularly giddy air whenever a Mexican enters the ring. In the case of Napoles, whom Mexican fight fans happily accept as their own, there was extra reason for celebration, since Griffith made the perfect foil for their adol's heroics. With an offense characterized by punching that, if not overpowering, was both busy and break, Napoles eased his way to a unanimous decision while the crowd reacted lustily to the spectacle of virtue rewarded, justice triumphant and evil duly vanquished.

Promoter George Parnassus had expressed fears that Operation Cooperation (born as Operation Intercept, the U.S.'s war against marijuana smuggling) might keep Mexicans away, but it was doubtful that even land mines at the border could have accomplished that. Besides an audience watching on television in Mexico City (the fight was also beamed to San Francisco and Sacramento), 15,461 turned up at the Forum. And to judge by the live rooster that somebody thrust into Napoles' corner as he entered the ring and the reverberating waves of "Meh-lee-col!" "Meh-lee-col!" that periodically swept through the crowd thereafter, few of those present hailed from Griffith's neighborhood back home in Weehawken, N.J.

The gate of \$194,315 was another triumph for the 74-year-old Parnassus, a small, spry, birdlike man whose long-running feud with Promoter Aileen Easton, a onetime partner, gives Los Angeles not one, but two thriving boxing operations. One reason for Parnassus' success is that he pays so very well, as his \$40,000 to Griffith and \$80,000 to Napoles attest. For Griffith, of course, there was the extra inducement of a shot at a record-tying sixth world championship, the number held by Sugar Ray Robinson. In winning his previous titles—welterweight three times and middleweight twice—Emile had always come



Unmarked and no longer unsure of his superiority, Jose recounts details of his triumph.

up with a big effort just when he seemed to be running out of tomorrows, but this time around there was reason to doubt that his particular brand of brinksmanship would work. For one thing, he had been away from the welterweight ranks for three years. His last fight before this was a listless split-decision victory over Art Hernandez in South Dakota, for which he received a skimpy \$6,400. That is hardly the kind of purse to which he is accustomed and has required in order to support a collection of relatives and strangers numbering as many as 17 at times.

Behind the decline in Emile's earning power is the fact that even at his best he was never much of a crowd-pleaser. He suffered from his reputation as a bullying fighter, partly derived from his freakishly top-heavy build—a massive bust on a delicate pedestal—which made him seem awfully big for a middleweight and monstrous for a welterweight. He was a ruler with few constituents, even in Madison Square Garden, where he seemed to appear whenever the New York Knickerbockers had the night off. Still, if he wound up a bore to some, he became an ogre to the succession of Cuban fighters who have left their marks on the welterweight division. They were a well-tutored breed who shared the belief that if a young fighter concentrated on developing his footwork, his punching and all the rest would take care of themselves. But the best of them, Welterweight Champions Benny Paré and Luis Rodriguez, lost their titles to Griffith. They dazzled while Emile dominated.

With the outflow of athletes stanchied by the Castro regime, Jose Napoles, who fled his country in 1961, looms as the last of the fine Cuban fighters. A converted lightweight who competed in relative obscurity in Mexico, despairing of ever getting a shot at a title, Napoles made his U.S. debut in Los Angeles barely more than a year ago and quickly established himself as a gate attraction. He easily mastered Curtis Cokes, until then a solid champion, in two fights earlier this year, but the fate of the earlier Cuban welterweights was apparently not lost on him, outside the ring he continued to act as if he dared not take himself, or his success, all that seriously. A handsome man whose rakish image is

reinforced by the bandido moustache he grew last year, Napoles derives pleasure from jumping onto the tail end of buses in the company of squealing schoolchildren in Mexico City and he exhibits a sharp eye for the señoritas, referring to himself as the "hawk who gets all the chickens." The question hanging over Napoles the fighter had as much to do with will as with ability—whether he could withstand the hullish, swarming tactics of Griffith or whether he would become the latest Cuban to wilt before the onslaught.

The answer came first to Napoles and then to everybody else. In the first round he contented himself with a few sharp jabs, meanwhile studying Griffith with the cool, detached perspective of a man sitting in the fourth row. Returning to the corner at the bell, Napoles told Carlos (Cuco) Conde, his chalk-faced manager, "I looked at his footwork, and I know he can't catch me." Another thing Napoles knew he had going for him was the fact that Referee Dick Young had been quick to separate the fighters in that opening round, thus neutralizing Griffith's head-down, hold-and-hit tactics. In the second, Napoles let Griffith charge him and began nimbly to assert his mastery, slipping under Griffith's advances and tagging him with short, jolting uppercuts on the way out.

Napoles fully dominated the early rounds, an artist coolly and confidently going through his repertoire—aggressive combinations, left hooks, right crosses. Always in perfect position, repeatedly slipping and sliding out of the challenger's grasp, he had the other man spinning, occasionally landing potshots from outside but also beating him on the inside, supposedly Griffith's own game. The only knockdown came early in the third round when Napoles nailed the advancing Griffith with a quick right uppercut to the jaw. Griffith later admitted that it was a clean knockdown, but added that he was not hurt by the blow.

Emile's performance was, in its own way, as remarkable as Napoles'. Although he never seriously dented the champion's armor, Griffith gamely fought back to win a couple of rounds when Napoles eased up in the middle of the bout and he landed enough blows to stay in every round. After a full dec-



In fight's only knockdown, Griffith rests on his knees following a Napoles uppercut

ade in boxing's top class, he remains a formidable fighter.

On his way to the dressing room, exhilaration overtook Jose Napoles, who for some obscure reason playfully crawled on the floor, making like a hamster. When he started answering questions, he was fully aware of the meaning of his accomplishment. Asked why he had succeeded in conquering Griffith when the other Cubans had failed, Manzanilla said simply, "I'm better than they are." Griffith, who refuses to entertain the possibility that he is "down the hill," as he puts it, could only agree. "He is a great champion," said Emile. "I can't knock him. After all, he beat a good fighter tonight." **END**

THE KELSO BIT, OR A CAREER NIPPED

How Mantle mocked me, Hogan ignored me and a lady racehorse owner gave me the cold shoulder
by JACQUIN SANDERS

For three desperate weeks in 1963 I was the acting, extremely temporary sports editor of *Newsweek* magazine. I was not one of those friendly, inside sports editors who fished with Ted Williams, wenched with Jim Brown and dined with Billy Casper. Nor was I the narrow-eyed, no-nonsense type who told it like it was. Like it was? I didn't even know what it was. You name



the sport, and I was unqualified to write about it.

What I really happened to be was a novelist, the author of a series of worst-sellers whose wide public unacceptance finally sent me looking for a steady job. Somehow the magazine gave me a try-out; somehow I survived the first month on general-interest stories. Then I was called into the office of an editor of mid-

dle rank and major responsibility, an overworked young man, old beyond his years and tired than any human being ought ever to be. Flu had felled his sports editor, he told me, and two writers who would normally fill in were on vacation. Two more were on other stories and a fifth was having a tantrum. "I don't feel so good myself," he said.

Then he pulled his tired face together. "Somebody's got to fill in. It's either you or Enid," he said, referring to the gentle, middle-aged lady music critic. "That's all there is, all there is," he added, like a 7-year-old withdrawing his hand empty from a cookie jar.

Up to this point I could have gotten out of it very simply by admitting that I had misled him during my hiring interview, that my claims of wide-ranging expertise were vastly exaggerated. And, for a few moments, honesty slugged it out with pride—only to get its pious face hashed in. I had read enough novels about Madison Avenue to know that the hero never admits he can't do a job.

Later, all alone by the telephone, waiting for the New York Yankee public-relations man to return my call, I tried to think positively. After all, I liked sports, even if I'd lost touch in the past few years. I still skimmed the sports pages occasionally. Hardly a year went by that I didn't watch part of the World Series on television. I knew a tennis player. I knew a bookie. What's more, I'd played most of the games at school—and been as mediocre as them as any sportswriter. I also looked the part—balding on top, pouncing out at the middle, flattening at the feet. And I smoked too much. Maybe, just maybe, I might get away with it.

That afternoon, like a petty thief easing Fort Knox, I walked through the press gate at Yankee Stadium. The cop outside the door to the players' dressing room asked to see my credentials. So did the cop inside the door. Bobby Richardson looked up from a religious pamphlet and gave me a suspicious glance.

The room was everything I had expected, spacious, bright, carpeted. The Yankees were themselves in those days, impressive even in their underwear; their muscles looked expensive. The first major face I recognized was Yogi Berra's. He was talking about the stock market. The others, too, were doing exactly what they were supposed to be doing. Hook

chewed a cigar. Peppone combed his hair. Mars sat in front of his locker, glaring at a shoe. And there—swathed in white handages and golden legend—was Mantle.

Only a few days before, while I was still doing features, I had been granted a private interview with Dwight Eisenhower. The former president and commander of the greatest land invasion in history had not awed me. I had, after all, been in the Army, and every American knows that anybody can become President. But nobody except Mickey Mantle can ever become Mackey Mantle. I gazed at him—and turned to jelly.

Still, Mantle was the assignment. He was returning to the lineup today after being out with his recurring knee trouble. I had to get him to say something to me. I approached—and the undersized blue eyes that had terrorized a thousand pitchers now terrorized me. I dropped my gaze and saw a neck that seemed somehow wider than the head above. I looked up again, and he was grinning. Not what I would call a friendly grin—more like a lumber baron surveying a stand of virgin timber.

I gave him my name, the name of my magazine, asked how the knees were, conquering an inclination—one that would have humilatingly revealed my amateur standing—to address him as Mr. Mantle.

"The [obscenity] knee," he replied thoughtfully. "If the [same obscenity] doctors can get off their [different obscenity] duffs and fix me up so I can swing a [original obscenity] bat good enough to hit the [again that obscenity] ball out of the [and again] infield, I'll be in the [and still again] ball game. And put that in yer magazine. Haw, haw, haw!"

I crept away and tried to recoup with some pearls from other Yankees. A trainer revealed the name of the best adhesive tape on the market. A custodian said the Yankees didn't pay his kind of employee anything like they paid ballplayers, but wouldn't give me permission to quote him. Richardson expounded at length on his work with the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. I thought of the tired editor back at the office. I didn't seem to be getting the kind of stuff he would want.

After a while, I noticed a tall young player who looked even less comfortable than I did. He was a pitcher up for a try-

continued



out who had had a bad session in batting practice that day, and he was pathetically grateful to be interviewed. He went so far as to ask my advice about his delivery. I was pathetically grateful to be asked, and I returned the favor: he looked very, very sharp, I told him. He was beaming when I left the dressing room and, for all I know, was still beaming two days later when they sent him back to the minors, whence he never returned.

I repaired to the press box to wait for the game to start and look around for more stars—the kind who write about sports. Nobody spoke to me, but nobody seemed to mind if I listened in—which wasn't all that easy. The native language of sportswriters is difficult to interpret. While it appears to have roots in English, the jargon and the technical data are beyond lay understanding. These men didn't—like ordinary fans—simply say that Maris had stopped hitting home runs and let it go at that. They analyzed the angle of his stance, the trajectory of his swing, the trauma of his wrist action. They mentioned, with worried shakes of their gray heads, the inside pitch, thigh high.

By now I felt the need of a friend. A dignified, fatherly man was standing nearby, and I introduced myself. He responded with suitable reserve, apparently not thinking the occasion called for him to give his own name. So I asked in passable journalese, "Who you covering for?" He became even more dignified, but a great deal less fatherly. "The New York Times," said Arthur Daley, and he was gone.

I didn't make any more friends. During the game I sat between an empty chair and a man who never stopped typing. At one point the press box attendant asked to see my credentials. Later a reporter sat down briefly beside me and asked if I was really from the magazine I'd said I was from. Wearily I pulled out the credentials. He studied them, felt their thickness, held them up to the light. Finally he said, "One of the boys thinks you're from the Hearst organization, checking up on reporters' expense accounts." He left then, still dubious, and I concentrated on the game. I can't remember whether the Yankees won or lost, but I do recall that Mantle did nothing outstanding that day, unless you counted raising his obscenity average a few points in the dressing

room. I didn't have the strength of character to be pleased.

My next assignment, the editor informed me after killing my baseball story, was Kelso. The name rang a bell. I recalled a sports column in which a veteran third baseman of the same name, benched by a younger rival, had lashed out at a writer who suggested the veteran was getting old. "Who isn't?" he had asked caustically. I'd liked that. This would be a nice story. I smiled confidently at the editor. "Ken Kelso, third sacker for the Cleveland Indians," I said. "Slowing down a little, but still a threat in the clutch."

The editor closed his eyes. "Ken Keltner," he said. "Not Kelso." He kept his eyes closed so long that I began to worry about him. Finally he began paging through the pages on his desk until he found his assignment sheet. No help there. If anything, the crisis was worse. The sports editor had shared his flu with two writers. The man with the tantrum had calmed down, only to go out on a protracted drunk. Emily was interviewing a harpsichordist.

Finally the editor spoke, calmly, deliberately. "Kelso is a racehorse. He is a very good racehorse. He is going to run a race. I want you to watch Kelso run the race. I want you to write a story telling our readers what happens when Kelso runs the race."

Early the next morning I went to the track to interview the horse. First I had to get past the disdainful little man stationed at the entrance to the barn. I studied that wise and wizened countenance—in its three score years it had seen so much of the world and liked so little—and I knew that this mean old man was no one to bluff. I would ask a few intelligent questions and, if challenged, would admit frankly that this was my first horse race. The challenge came quickly, following his use of the word *furlong*. "That's a measurement of some kind, isn't it?" I queried sharply.

The mean little man gave me a mean little look. "So this is what they send to cover racing nowadays," he said, and walked off without answering any more of my questions.

The stable was shadowy and cool. A dozen stalls lined one side and, halfway down, a horse's head leaned out, swiveling, brightly interested in his limited little world. A stablehand walked by, and the horse lunged playfully, trying

to nuzzle his shoulder. The man ducked aside but was still smiling as he passed me. "Of Kelly," he muttered fondly, shaking his head.

"Is that Kelso?" I asked.

"That's him—the only one still up and around this time of day."

The stablehand was right. On my way to the great horse's stall, I looked into all the others and saw only lounging, out-munching slob. I stopped at his stall, and he stuck his head out amiably. I kept my distance, and we looked at each other for several moments. His eyes were warm and brown with a certain sadness lurking in them, as if acknowledging the random ironies of life that turn animals into entertainers and novelists into sportswriters. I felt closer to Kelso than to anyone I'd met since becoming a journalist. It was the best private interview I'd ever had. I wished he could have been a former President. I wished he could hit the inside pitch, thigh high. I stepped closer. He bit me.

It hurt, and not just psychologically. If I hadn't been wearing a jacket, my arm would have bled. But there was no time for reproaches. The mean old man was suddenly by my side, furious, accusing. "You been feeding this horse?" he demanded. "You think this is some zoo? You think this is some hippopotamus? You git outta here!"

Back at the office, I began reading up on Kelso's background and discovered a fact apparently quite well known to millions but profoundly shocking to me. Kelso was a gelding! Now I understood the sadness in those warm brown eyes. I forgave the bite.

But I didn't forgive the owner: I decided to phone her. One butler and a private secretary later a mature and cultured voice greeted me with well-concealed enthusiasm. Simultaneously, I realized the absurdity of my position, and my outrage over Kelso's misfortune began to drain away. It would not be easy to ask this highborn lady why she had gelded this proud and exceptional thoroughbred.

Nevertheless the question somehow got asked, to be followed by a silence that would have chilled an Eskimo skin diver. Then: "I fail to see how that matter could possibly be of interest to anyone," she said. "And I don't understand why you had to take my time to have me explain it."

I felt squelched. I also felt tested. Clearly this was a turning point, and I

continued



The image is a black and white advertisement for Seagram's V.O. Canadian Whisky. The main visual is a bottle of the whisky on a silver tray. The bottle has a label that reads "CANADIAN", "Seagram's V.O.", "CANADIAN WHISKY", "A BLEND", "OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES", "DISTILLED, AGED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED", "UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN", "GOVERNMENT", "THIS WHISKY IS 50% ALC/VOL (100°)", "SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY", "50% ALC/VOL (100°)", "NET WT. 1.75 LBS. (793.7 G.)", "50% ALC/VOL (100°)". Next to the bottle is a glass filled with whisky and ice cubes, and a silver pitcher. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

The evening's always a pleasure when
the Smooth Canadian joins your table.

Because Seagram's V.O. is great company. Light.
Supremely Smooth. And terribly popular. (In fact it's
the best-liked brand of all imports, including Scotch.)
Ask this famous Canadian celebrity to join your table,
some evening. You'll be delighted, we're sure.

Seagram's **V.O.** Canadian.
Known by the company it keeps.



A small inset photograph in the bottom right corner shows a man and a woman in formal attire sitting at a table. The man is wearing a tuxedo and the woman is wearing a white dress. They are both smiling and looking at each other. The background is dark and out of focus.

Enter: The 360.

Exit: The wooden pose.



An incredibly fast 1/1000th of a second burst of light from the electronic flash unit makes possible truly spontaneous 60-second indoor pictures.

Our friends, our families. We all like to think of them at their warmest and most spontaneous.

Yet how many of us own photo albums full of wooden Indians! Children with ramrod spines. Wife with a fixed and foolish grin. Friends frozen for-

ever in stiff-necked, awkward attitudes.

From now on, it's going to be different. The 360 is here. The remarkable Polaroid Land camera with the electronic flash.

When you depress the shut-

ter of The 360, the strobe releases a 1/1000th-of-a-second burst of light, fast enough to freeze a fast ping-pong ball, or capture the wildest dancer.

You'll never have to ask your subjects to stop doing what they're doing and pose. The film is exposed only for that millisecond of light. You'll take the most spontaneous pictures of your life.

And if someone bumps into you, or your hand jiggles, you won't have to worry. The pictures are always razor sharp.

You'll never have to use another flashbulb, either. (So



As you focus, louvers adjust automatically to insure correct light intensity.

you'll never run out of them.) Once it's charged, the electronic flash signals you with a flashing light and a *boop...boop...* and you're ready to shoot up to 40 flash pictures (5 film packs) without stopping to put in a bulb.

Plug the flash unit into a wall socket for 15 minutes, and you can shoot another pack of film. Plug it in for an hour, and it's recharged. (When it's not

From Polaroid.

in use, just keep it plugged in, like your electric toothbrush.)

Best of all, The 360 gives you freedom to shoot when the moment is right.



Electronic circuits reduced in size from a pack of cards to a pencil point.

You won't have to think about exposure. All you do is aim and shoot. As you focus, louvers in the flash unit automatically adjust to deliver the exact amount of light for a perfectly exposed shot. This remarkable strobe light is particularly kind to flesh tones.

Your outdoor pictures will be perfectly exposed, too. The sophisticated electric eye and electronic shutter system will read the light and set the exposure automatically.

You won't waste any more pictures because of poor timing. When you pull the film packet out of the camera, an electronic timer is set off automatically. A tiny timer light goes on. The instant the print is perfectly developed, the light goes out and the timer goes *beeeeeeep*.

One fascinating feature will give you an inkling of the inge-

nuity that went into this camera. In the timer, the shutter and the flash unit are circuits containing transistors, resistors, and other electronic components. Each would normally fill a space as large as a deck of cards. In The 360, they have been reduced to tiny chips of plastic-



No flashbulbs ever. Electronic flash shoots up to 40 pictures, recharges on house current.

covered silicon less than 1/32 of an inch square, about the width of a pencil point.

This Polaroid Land camera has a Zeiss Ikon range- and viewfinder. Triplet lens. Four



Electronic timer sounds off the instant your print is perfectly developed.

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knew exactly what had to be done. Glimmering in my mind's eye were the echoes of a hundred hard-eyed interviewers whose refusal to back away from such moments had stamped them as tough and unscrupulous. I had only to drop in my polite little piece of blackmail: "I just want to hear your side of it, ma'am. Otherwise I'll have to write my own version, and you might not like it." That's what I *should* have said. What I really said, in a plaintive, rather squeaky voice, was, "I'm sorry, I guess I just wasn't thinking."

To my surprise, the cultured voice took pity. "You must be a very young journalist," she said.

"Well... I've been young."

Suddenly the lady was down to earth, if not downright earthy. She launched into an unabashed account of the gelding process and its effect on masculine aggressiveness. "There were half a dozen male yearlings on the farm the year Kelso was foaled," she said, "and we had a space problem. It's difficult to keep stallions together—they fight so." Therefore she and her trainer decided to geld the ones that seemed least promising, among them Kelso. By now I realized that it wasn't delicacy that had brought the ice to her voice but merely annoyance at being reminded of an irremediable error—and perhaps a wistful regard for the million dollars in stud fees that might have been if Kelso had remained a stallion.

I reported the conversation to the editor and asked if I'd been wrong to make the call. He shook his head slowly and said he'd decided to write the Kelso story himself. Then he told me to go and watch Ben Hogan, "a golfer," trying to make a comeback at the age of 50 at the Thunderbird Classic in nearby Westchester County. Interview first. "Hogan's tough to get to—won't return calls, won't come to the phone," he said, adding bitterly, "just your meat."

Piqued at his attitude, I decided to ignore his warnings. I phoned the country club where the tournament was being held and asked the switchboard girl where Hogan was staying. She connected me to his room at the club. He answered the phone himself and couldn't have been nicer. We made an appointment to meet on the veranda. When I told the editor how easily I'd managed it all, he muttered something about refusing to be surprised by anything I did

and closed his eyes again. I thought I might mention this bad habit of his to him someday, in a friendly way, after I'd settled a little more into my new job as sports editor.

Hogan was on time—a short, worried man who shook hands wordlessly and led me to a deserted corner of the veranda, overlooking a lovely landscape. Silently, we sank into comfortable chairs, silently, we looked at each other. I now understood why the press referred to him as "dour, driven, uncommunicative." I smiled nervously. He gave me a sharp look, and when I didn't say anything he smiled back. A tentative smile, but appreciated—the first I'd had in several days from anybody. I was reluctant to spoil the moment with questions; in fact, I was tongue-tied. It wasn't awe, as with Mantle. It was only that questions seemed so inappropriate. What do you ask a 50-year-old former champion? Do you hope you're still good? Would you like to win? How's the old four-iron these days?

As the moments turned into minutes it became increasingly more difficult to think of anything to ask. We just sat there. The old champion grew more relaxed. After a while he put his legs straight out and sank deep into the chair. We exchanged more smiles. We gazed at the landscape. Peace. Finally he looked at his watch. "Well," he said, "I've got to be going." I said I did too.

Later I passed nearby as he was talking to another reporter. The reporter told me afterward that Hogan had pointed at me as I walked away and said, "Bright fellow. Knows his golf."

At sundown I returned to my leader. He looked terrible. Where earlier he had hidden only his eyes, now his whole prematurely aged face was shielded by his hands. Yet somehow, even before I spoke, he knew it was me.

"Another blow," he said to the copy paper on his desk. "Emily's come out in little pink spots—and pain, pain. . . . All that, and an Olympic-class violinist already warming up at Carnegie Hall."

"No," I said. "Oh, no."

"Go," he said.

"The only music I like is by John Philip Sousa."

"Go."

"I'm completely tone-deaf."

"Go."

I went

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END

State stands tall with the aid of some zap

You know what zap is, that magic bolt that suddenly makes things go right. The Mets had it, and late last Saturday Penn State did, too, as it rallied from a 14-0 deficit to beat Syracuse by PAT PUTNAM

Remember the old joke, "Who has an IQ of 90? Penn State's football team." That used to get a lot of laughs at Pitt—after somebody explained it. Well, the joke's been updated. Now they tell the one about how after last season Penn State sat down and voted on where it wanted to go. The offense voted for Miami on a bowl trip, but the defense wanted to go to Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship. Only maybe this time they aren't kidding.

Take Dennis Onkutz, one of this year's linebackers. He's a biophysics major who won't watch football on television because, he says, it looks too brutal. "He's so smart," says his coach, Joe Paterno. "He scares me." Then there's Mike Reid, one of the defensive tackles. He's just been invited by the Utah Symphony Orchestra to play Anton Rubinstein's *Primo Concerto in D-Minor*. He's the only long-haired pianist in the world with a shaved head. Neal Smith, the safety, is an engineering major who came to school on a slide rule, not a scholarship. He just wandered in from Port Trevorton, Pa. one day and asked if anybody minded if he played between math problems. The rest are just as bright—future high school teachers and dentists and lawyers—and, in that brutal world, just as unbeaten.

Of course, it hasn't always been easy, going unbeaten. Like last Saturday, when Syracuse rose from the near-dead and carried a 14-0 lead into the fourth quarter. Since last spring Syracuse has lost its first eight halfbacks. Two flunked out, one quit, one transferred and the rest were injured. "We're down to people who are so slow I think they are deformed," observes Ben Schwartzwalder, making starting tailbacks out of third-string fullbacks.

Well, you can always throw the ball. "Yeah," counters the Syracuse coach with that delightful dry humor, "we've got a slick quarterback who

spots the open linebacker very well."

And so Syracuse, which lost to Kansas, which has lost to everybody else, didn't figure to score 14 points against Penn State in three months. Yet that's the way it went, two touchdowns to none, as they began the final 15 minutes of the game.

"Up to that point," said Joe Paterno later, "Syracuse was playing like us, and we weren't. We were the ones making the mistakes."

In winning 10 games last season and its first four this year, Penn State's defensive intellectuals had set up 169 points with 40 pass interceptions, 22 fumble



WHEN RUNNERS BUMP INTO SNEAR (76) AND REID (68), THE ROAD IS CLOSED

recovered, two safeties and five blocked punts. "They aren't a football team," said one bowl scout, "they are a Salvation Army." Only if you don't drop something in the tambourine, they'll pick your pocket.

But in the first 45 minutes against Syracuse, the Penn State defense had only three bright moments. Two were blocked field goals, which turned out to be very bright moments indeed. But the brightest of all came late in the second quarter with Syracuse leading by its 14 points and with a fourth down at the Penn State three. With that bag a lead that early in the game, Schwartzwalder elected to go for the touchdown rather than a field goal.

"They had already blocked two field-goal attempts," he reasoned, and rightly, "and if we score there it's all over."

Only Syracuse didn't score. Wingback Greg Allen swept to the right and there was nothing in front of him but a diving Neal Smith's outstretched left hand. Allen tripped over it. "When we didn't score," said Schwartzwalder, "I was sick."

At the moment there were few who thought it mattered. If Syracuse has problems with its offense, it has none with its defense which, going against Penn State, ranked sixth in the nation. "I told our kids at halftime," said Paterno, "that I didn't know if we could score enough points, and if we didn't I wouldn't be unhappy. But I would be unhappy if everybody didn't go out there and give it all they had. You have to remember that not once, in the three years any of our players have been here, have we been behind by two touchdowns. It was something new to them."

Late in the third quarter Penn State's muggers really went to work. Their streak—23 straight without a loss—and their No. 5 ranking were near collapse, and they weren't happy. Steve Smeat, their other great defensive tackle, slammed into Al Newton, who scored Syracuse's first touchdown. Out popped the ball, and George Landes—who had blocked both field-goal attempts—fell on it at the Syracuse 12. Here was a chance, but Syracuse gave up 9½ yards and no more, and it was still 14-0.

As the final period began it was clear Penn State was going to need a lot of help. And so—zap! Smeat hit Allen, who fumbled, and Jack Ham recovered for the Lions on the Syracuse 32. Zap! Syra-

cuse was accused of pass interference and Penn State had the ball at the four. Lydell Mitchell scored from there without heavenly interference to make it 14-6. Penn State went for two points and missed and zap! I lag on the play. Syracuse was accused of holding. "You're lucky that somebody doesn't punch you in the nose," said Syracuse's Don Dorr, the accused, to Field Judge Marlin Brandt, the accuser.

"I may go down in history," said Paterno happily, "as the coach who got the most second chances on a two-point conversion."

For his second chance this time, he sent in the 38 Sweep, a straight power sweep to the fullback, with Franco Harris carrying and getting the two points. Now it was 14-8.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

SOUTH

1. TENNESSEE (5-0)
2. LSU (5-0)
3. FLORIDA (5-0)

With only a minute left and the half's nose resting six inches away from Georgia Tech's goal, Auburn's John Riley ran out to try a field goal. The score was 14-14, and Riley couldn't help thinking about what had happened exactly 364 days earlier, when he had missed a field goal late in the game as Tech beat the Tigers 21-20. "I could still see that ball, sitting four feet off the right hash mark—and going about four yards to the right," he said later. "I mean, I had a funny feeling when I went out there in about the same situation. I went out the Good Lord's eyes praying."

This time Riley kicked the field goal, and Auburn got away with a 17-14 victory—its fourth in five games. The field-goal try was considered something of a gamble, since Tech had blocked all of Riley's three previous attempts, but Auburn Coach Shug Jordan said he never considered trying a run instead. "We would have gone for the field goal if it had been fourth and a quarter of an inch," said Jordan.

Auburn's only conqueror, unbeaten Tennessee, scored three quick touchdowns in the first quarter and went on to win Alabama 41-14 at Birmingham's Legion Field. Besides being Tennessee's third straight victory over Alabama, it stuck the Tide with

And zap! Syracuse, which had been punting long and well all day, suddenly got off a short kick, and Penn State had the ball on the enemy's 39. Harris got three, and Paterno sent in the next play, a 56 Counter, and Harris went 36 yards to score "Zap!"

"Should have called that play sooner," said Paterno.

Now all Penn State needed was for Mike Reaz to kick the extra point, which he did, and there was no need for Syracuse to be offside. The final was Penn State 15, Syracuse 14, and four zaps!

State's winning streak was still alive, and with medium-rate teams like Pittsburgh, Maryland and Boston College ahead, the streak should last at least until bowl time. That is unless someone else comes up with a lot of zaps of their own.

back to back losses for the first time since Bear Bryant came to coach in 1958. "I couldn't believe we beat them that bad," said Tennessee's All-America linebacker, Steve Kiner. "They've forgotten what it means to wear that red jersey." Kiner made eight unassisted tackles and intercepted a pass in addition to harassing Alabama's passing game with repeated blitzes against Quarterback Scott Hunter.

After four straight nonconference wins, Louisiana State stepped into the SEC and promptly smashed Kentucky 37-10, despite fumbling the ball away four times in its first six series of downs. "We have to have a great team to make the mistakes we do and still win," said LSU Coach Charlie McClendon, who played all 52 boys who made the trip to Lexington. "Very true. I looked up. I was looking at a different tailback," said Kentucky's linebacker Wilbur Hackett.

At Gainesville, Florida's sophomore quarterback, John Reeves, passed for four more TDs in the Gators' 52-2 win over North Carolina, the Tar Heels' worst defeat since 1923. Reeves has passed for 15 scores in five games, only one less than Steve Spurrier threw in his 1968 Heisman Trophy season.

Vanderbilt fans had staved until the final gun in the Commodores' upset of Alabama, but began leaving late in the third quarter as the home team fell farther and farther behind Georgia. The Bulldogs finally won 40-8 behind Mike Cavan's three TD passes, and Vandy Coach Bill Pace growled, "Our offense was the most inept I've ever seen." Memphis State Coach Billy Murphy had

continued

been the object of bumper stickers reading, "Get Rid of Spook Murphy," so his Tigers put "Beat Miami" stickers on their helmets and did just that 26-13.

Ole Miss' biggest offensive display since 1935 ended in a 69-7 victory over Southern Mississippi at Oxford. The Rebels were so much in control that their star quarterback, Archie Manning, sat out the entire second half.

Virginia Tech looked like a winner when Gil Schwabe passed 26 yards to Jimmy Quinn for a 16-14 lead with 1:13 to go, but South Carolina came back to win on Billy DuPre's 47-yard field goal with only nine seconds left. The victory gave Coach Paul Dietzel's Gamecocks a 4-1 record and kept them ahead in the Atlantic Coast Conference. The No. 2 team, Clemson, got two TDs from Ray Yauger and beat Wake Forest 28-14.

In the Southern Conference Davidson defeated William and Mary 17-15 to run its unbeaten streak to five. And little Centre College of Danville, Ky., won the College Athletic Conference championship by beating Sewanee 20-8.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (4-0)
2. MISSOURI (5-0)
3. OKLAHOMA (3-1)

It was another tie—Notre Dame 14, Southern Cal 14—but the game really was much closer than the score might indicate. With only 2:04 left, Notre Dame sent in a stumpy, freckle-faced kid named Scott Hempel to do something he had never done—kick a 48-yard field goal. The Irish looked like sure winners when Hempel's kick flew over the clawing Southern Cal defense and took off straight for the goal, but then Notre Dame's notoriously good luck took a freaky turn that the Gipper just wouldn't have believed. Hempel's kick descended from the heavens, hit the crossbar dead center and bounced back on the playing field. "It was the best ball I kicked this year," said Hempel sadly.

Up until then, Notre Dame had gotten most of the breaks, as it usually does in South Bend. Southern Cal's latest Trojan horse, Clarence Davis, pounded into the end zone in the first half, but the play was rubbed out by a holding penalty. Then, after Jimmy Jones passed Southern Cal into a 14-7 lead to start the fourth quarter, Notre Dame's monstrous Mike McCoy (6' 5", 274 pounds) put his head in the path of a Trojan punt, and the Irish turned the ensuing recovery into a TD with 6:41 remaining. Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian declined to go for two points and Hempel came in to kick the extra point. "I wasn't

tempted to go for the two," said Parseghian. "I noticed Big Ten statistics show 91% success in kicking but just three of 17 successful two-point efforts."

Nobody liked the tie, but Parseghian recovered quicker than Southern Cal's John McKay, whose team had been ranked No. 3 before the game. Asked whether Davis (75 yards in 30 carries) had done as well as he had hoped, McKay said, "We just keep running the same old plays. Sometimes they work; sometimes they don't."

In the Big Eight, Missouri and Oklahoma each look better and better as they get closer to their big game Nov. 8 in Columbia. The Tigers battered Oklahoma State 31-21 as Halfback Joe Moore gained 140 yards, the fifth straight game he had gone over 100. "I love to hit people," admitted Moore. At Norman the question was not whether Oklahoma would beat Colorado—the Sooners finally won 42-30—but whether Steve Owens would gain more than 100 yards for the 13th straight game. He did, barely, by carrying six straight times in the last 2:30 for a total of 112. "It's not an obsession with me," said Owens, "but the game was out of reach and all the guys were pulling for me." Owens scored four touchdowns, giving him 12 TDs for the year and 45 in his career.

At Lincoln, Neb., everyone was wondering whatever happened to funny old offensives Pepper Rodgers. After his Kansas team had lost to Nebraska 21-17 in the final two minutes, Pepper salubly opened his postgame press conference with an obscenity ("Let's see you print that"). Then he wadded up his sack lunch and threw a beef sandwich against the wall. "How about that?" said Pepper. "There's your story, 'Rodgers Throws Beef Sandwich Against the Wall with Vengeance.'" The way Kansas has been playing, Pepper was lucky the wall didn't throw it back.

Once Coach Vince Gibson's concept of "Purple Power" was the laugh of the plains, but the time has come when people have to take Kansas State seriously. The once-lazy Wildcats beat Iowa State 34-7—their fourth win in five starts—and stayed in contention for the Big Eight championship. Mack Herron scored three times for the Wildcats, who now face the two conference games, Oklahoma and Missouri, on successive weekends.

Indiana and—good grief!—Northwestern each won its second straight Big Ten game to move into a tie for the lead in the Rose Bowl derby. The Hoosiers, reacting to Coach John Pont's new get-tough practice policies, beat Illinois 41-20 while the Wildcats dumped Wisconsin 27-7, ending the Badgers' winning streak at one. Northwestern's junior Halfback Mike Adelman set a school record with 316 yards rushing.

Michigan State Coach Duffy Daugherty

junked the triple option in favor of his old Power I, and the Spartans upset Michigan 23-12 to even their league record at 1-1. "I've got a good chance to be in Pasadena because I can buy a plane ticket," said Duffy. "I don't know about my football team."

Minnesota gained 14 more yards than No. 1 Ohio State, but the Gophers lost five fumbles and the Buckeyes won 34-7, their 18th in a row. "We were good when it counted," said OSU Coach Woody Hayes. Purdue lost the ball six times and was out-gained by more than 200 yards but still managed to outlast Iowa 35-31 to give Jack Mollenkopf his 80th victory as Boilermaker coach.

Missouri Valley leader Louisville remained unbeaten under new Head Coach Lee Corso by defeating nonconference Marshall 34-17, the Herd's 26th straight winless game. Tony Harris ran 81 yards on Toledo's first play of the second half, and the Rockets won over Western Michigan 38-13 to remain tied with Miami for the Mid-American lead. The Redskins beat Ohio University 24-21, and the Bobcats lost not only the game but Quarterback Cleve Bryant because of a knee injury.

Hilldale's Chet Marek kicked a 63-yard field goal—a national college-division record—to help his team dump Fairmont State 20-13. For all you trivia fans, his kick was a yard farther than the old record, which was set by Bill Shear of Cornell State against Hobart on Oct. 15, 1966.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (5-0)
2. SYRACUSE (3-2)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (4-1)

It was O.K.—quite nice, really—for Boston College to loan Villanova its road jerseys after the visitors had some of theirs stolen, but the charity should have stopped right there. Instead, the Eagles politely forked over the football seven times—four fumbles and three interceptions—and got pummeled with a 24-6 loss, their first in three games. "We think we have a pretty good defensive team," said Villanova Coach Jack Gregory. "We have about 914 blazes."

Boston College's top runner, Fred Willis, was blitzed so hard early that he had to be taken out, and his Villanova counterpart, Mackey Kerim, paid for his 94 yards with a bloody mouth, cut eyebrow and sliced cheek. The man who put Willis out, Villanova Linebacker John Babinec, wound up with 10 unassisted tackles as the Wildcats won for the fourth time in five games.

At the rate Army and Navy are prodding along, both may be too embarrassed to show up for this year's traditional game

continued

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As a result, one of two things happens. Either a businessman settles for something less than he'd like to settle for. Or he and his secretary spend a ridiculously long and costly time getting a simple business letter written, typed and out the door.

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in Philadelphia. With their two top quarterbacks out with injuries, the Cougars had to start Roger LeDoux—who had not played a minute this season—and Utah State took advantage of the resulting confusion for a 23-7 win. It was Army's third straight loss, but the situation is even more desperate at Navy, which is 0-5 after losing to Rutgers for the first time 20-6. The Knights got all their touchdowns from Larry Robertson, who started his first game at tailback.

In the Ivy League, Dartmouth's John Short returned the opening kickoff 90 yards for a touchdown, and the Indians went on to beat Brown 38-13 for their fourth straight. "We didn't try anything new or different," said Indian Coach Bob Blackman, "because we have an important game with Harvard next week and we knew their scouts would be watching." Blackman's own scouts saw Cornell upset Harvard 41-24 for its first win of the season as sophomore Ed Mamuro dazzled everyone with five touchdowns and 281 yards rushing on 40 carries. Yale routed Columbia 41-6 to remain unbeaten against Ivy opponents since 1966.

Fifteen minutes before game time, Temple Coach George Makris decided to start sophomore Frank DiMaggio at quarterback against Hofstra. DiMaggio's statistics were hardly impressive—a career record of one completion in nine attempts, with three interceptions—but he came through like John Joe's cousin should, throwing one TD pass and running for two more as the Dubs won 36-7. The Temple students got an even bigger kick out of the halftime ceremonies, when the homecoming queen showed up with a board, sideburns down to the chin and wearing an eight-button, double-breasted Edwardian suit. He had entered the queen contest as a joke, explained Marc Frantz, and then of course he was elected. Temple's chancellor, Millard M. Gladdfelder, went along with the gag, even to the point of kissing Frantz on one of his hairy cheeks. Ugh.

Pittsburgh started fast, opening up a 20-0 lead in the second quarter on two TD passes from Quarterback Jim Friedl to End George Medich, but success—or something—finally spoiled the Panthers. Pitt's amazing two-game winning streak halted when End Mike LeBlanc scored on a 32-yard pass with 43 seconds left to give down-trodden Tulane a 26-22 win—its first of the year.

In Philadelphia the casualty rate among Penn quarterbacks continued to escalate at an alarming rate. The latest victim, Phil Procci, had been switched from defense only after Penn's first two quarterbacks each suffered a shoulder injury, so last week Procci broke his jaw against Lehigh and will be out for the season. The Quakers managed to stall off Lehigh long enough for a 13-7 win, and everyone was wondering how long the newest quarterback, Terry Groome,

would last. After all, he missed his entire freshman season because of a broken foot.

End of the Road Dept.: Wilkes College lost to Ithaca 13-7, ending the nation's longest winning streak at 32 games. Are you paying attention, Woody Hayes?

WEST

1. USC (3-0-1)
2. UCLA (6-0)
3. WYOMING (5-0)

Wyoming's bid for an unbeaten season and fourth straight Western Athletic Conference championship was put in doubt when Coach Lloyd Eaton suspended 14 black players six of them starters—before the Cowboys' 40-7 victory over Brigham Young. The blacks had defied Eaton's direct orders and worn black armbands to protest what they regarded as the racist principles of the Mormon Church. "It was simply a matter of enforcing discipline," Eaton said. "The black athletes knew exactly where they stood as far as I was concerned."

Wyoming President Dr. William D. Carlson and the board of trustees backed Eaton's decision, and on Saturday afternoon Wyoming's white students turned out in large numbers to chant, "We Love Eaton, We Love Eaton," and then gave the coach a standing ovation when he crossed the field to shake hands with BYU Coach Tommy Hudspeth. The Cowboy team didn't seem to miss the blacks while winning their fifth game in a row. The nation's top rushing defense allowed Brigham Young only 16 yards in total offense and shook the visitors into five fumbles and three interceptions. Defensively, Bob Jacobs kicked two field goals and four extra points to move nearer the school and conference single-season field-goal records. Still, without the blacks Wyoming could be in big trouble in their games against Arizona State and Utah.

The top contender, Utah, won its third league game by blanking New Mexico 24-0. The loss was New Mexico's 23rd in WAC play but also its first shutout in 27 straight games and 51 in a row at home, the latter streak dating back to 1950. Behind 7-0 going into the second half, New Mexico elected to receive instead of taking the 40 mph wind at its back, and this was the Lobos' undoing. Kicking into the wind, New Mexico got off a couple of 13-yard punts and Utah turned them into 10 points, including a 37-yard scoring run by Halfback Fred Graves.

While Southern Cal was having its troubles against Notre Dame and UCLA was coasting past Cal (page 36), Stanford unloaded its frustrations on poor Washington State 49-0. Having lost to both Purdue and Southern Cal in the final seasons of suc-

cessive Saturdays, the Indians jumped on State early and then poured it on. "This is the most explosive team in the West," said losing Coach Jim Sweeney, who then offered this observation on Stanford's big Pacific Eight game this week against UCLA: "UCLA has the speed, but Stanford is much more versatile." Stanford's quarterback, Jim Plunkett, threw two touchdown passes before reserve Don Bunce came in to direct the last two scoring drives, including a 43-yard keeper play of his own.

A senior end caught the first touchdown pass of his career with no time showing on the clock, and Oregon State beat Washington 10-6. The end, Jim Scheele, simultaneously caught the ball and stepped into the end zone as the final gun went off. The pass from Quarterback Steve Endicott covered 49 yards, and an Oregon State lineman admitted, "I feel like I've been cheating at cards."

The Huskies, now 0-5, had gone into a prevent defense when Oregon State began the final drive on its own 15 with one minute and no time-outs left. "I'd have bet a million dollars we wouldn't win," said Oregon State Halfback Billy Mann, who had been the primary receiver on the winning play—the only one called from the bench all night by Coach Dee Andros Diddy enough, Oregon State's other three points—a field goal by Mike Nehl—had come at the final gun of the first half.

A vintage Los Angeles fog hung over the Air Force's Falcon Stadium, but the low ceiling couldn't keep the home team from bombing Oregon 60-13 in their biggest offensive spurge of the year. The Ducks fumbled eight times and Air Force cashed them in for five touchdowns and two field goals. A blocked punt cost Oregon still another touchdown. The Falcons led 40-7 at halftime while winning for the third time in five starts.

Pacific shrugged off the nation's leading passer, Idaho's Steve Olson, in a 28-0 victory in Stockton, Calif. After a scoreless first half, the winners got 23 points in the third period. Quarterback John Reid first sneaked over from the one, then passed 45 yards to Bill Conman for another TD.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (4-0)
2. ARKANSAS (4-0)
3. HOUSTON (2-2)

While Texas and Arkansas were taking the week off, Texas Christian finally won its first game, thanks to a little psychology on the part of Coach Fred Taylor. Noticing his players' faces growing longer and longer as TCU's record dropped to 0-4, Taylor

told his boys to forget their troubles and just have fun against Texas A&M. "We've been pressing too much," Taylor said. "So I just want everyone to relax and go out there and have a good time." After the Horned Frogs' 16-6 victory, Defensive Tackle Bob Creech told the coach, "If we'd known it was this good to win, we might have started a long time ago."

Nobody deserved the victory more than TCU's Steve Judy, who already has established himself as the greatest thrower in TCU since the days of Sammy Baugh and Davey O'Brien. Against the Aggies Judy hit his first six passes and finished with 13 of 20 for 183 yards and a touchdown. Even more heartening to Taylor, the Frogs' senior running back, Marts Whelan, gained 134 yards and finally gave TCU the running game to support Judy's arm. The Aggies' biggest gainer was Coach Gene Stallings, who prowled up and down the sidelines all afternoon.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Sophomore Ed Mariano, acting like an Ivy League Q.J., tied a conference record by scoring two TDs as Cornell upset Harvard 41-14. His 281 yards rushing was more impressive, beating the Ivy record by 45 yards.

THE LINEMAN: Tennessee Linebacker Steve Kiser made eight unassisted tackles and intercepted a pass as the Yahoos stomped Alabama 41-14. "Kiser did a superb job with his play after his play," said his coach, Doug Dickey.

SMU President Willis Tate wore a blue sock on one foot and a red one on the other, hopefully for good luck, while he watched Chuck Hixon pass the Mustangs over Rice 34-14, their second straight win. Hixon completed 22 of 32 for 255 yards, but the people's choice was SMU's tiny Darrel Duggett (5'6", 172 pounds). He looks about two hands shorter than SMU's pony mascot Pecos, but Duggett scored three TDs against Rice and left Mustang fans wondering why he had played defense last season.

All uboek, a home-inn-boy, well, he's really from Lorenz, which is only 15 miles down the road—came back to lead Mississippi State over Texas Tech 30-26. The boy, Joe Reed, had begun his career at Baylor but transferred to Mississippi State and got into the lineup just in time to throw for two touchdowns against the Red Raiders. Six times Reed came up with a first down on third-and-long situations.

On a muddy field at Fort Collins, Colo., Colorado State slipped and slid past West Texas State 27-7. Lawrence McNetchem gained 182 yards for the winners, including TD runs of one and 55 yards.

END

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The first Broadway Show League Golf Tournament took place earlier this month in Emerson, N.J., and the winner, with a 79, was CBS technician Jack Muheerty. The stars shone only faintly. "I'm enthusiastically mediocre," said **Don Porter** of *Plaza Suite*, turning in—enthusiastically—a score of 96. "I learned to play in a four-day tournament five years ago," said **Tom Paxton**, explaining a phenomenal 84, and **Jerry Orbach** of *Powers*, *Promises* said of his 121, "It was all right, for somebody who doesn't play. I've only played twice before, and the last time was 30 years ago. I like the game, but I'm a pool player. . . I'll play golf again, but maybe next time they'll let me kneel down on the greens and use the putter like a cue stick." Oh no they won't. In 1995 one Richard Peters traded using a cue stick for a putter, and the whole bit has been illegal ever since.

♦ The **Angier Biddle Dukes** are not only skiers, golfers and tennis players, they are bicyclists as well, with nine machines around the London house alone. Says Mrs. Duke, "In Denmark [where her husband was until

last spring the U.S. ambassador] we bicycled all over the place, but they don't seem to have the same respect for cyclists here. You have to stick to the roads and not stray onto the footpath. Soon after we arrived, we were bicycling in Hyde Park, having a marvelous time weaving in and out around the pedestrians, dogs, baby carriages and trees, when we were stopped by a bobby." As for the photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Duke with son Biddle, it was no invasion of family privacy. "Purely for publicity," says Mrs. Duke triumphantly. "I made them take it." The accompanying interview in newspapers abroad turned into a delft plug for her fierce campaign in London for the reelection of **Mayor John Lindsay** (another bicycle fan) back in New York City.

♦ **ten-Mets fan Jacqueline Susann** made it home from the book fair in Frankfurt, Germany just in time to go berserk with the rest of New York over the Mets' victory in the Series, and after settling down she reminisced a bit about her own life in sport, which began in Philadelphia. "I used to play hockey at school," she recalled.



"Field hockey, and then we discovered hockey on roller skates. We played in the street, and you know what was the best piece of all? A rubber heel—we used to go to the shoemaker and get an old rubber heel. Later the boys in shop would make us ones out of wood and we used the rubber heels to play potty you know potty." It was golf that almost got her, however. The year she took it up, 1954, she made a hole in one. "My card was signed by four winners, including **Jim Murray** and **Jimmy Demaret**," she says. "I was acting then and I almost gave it up to hit the tournament trail. I'd get buckets of balls and hit them until I had blisters, and I was famous, you know, that they hadn't put a golf club in my hands when I was 8." Mrs. Susann apparently hurtled herself out, going in it so intensely, for she now shoots around 105, 106. The world may have lost a great golfer, but, then, it gained *The Love Machine*.

Ten-year-old **Ronald Ryhal Jr.** of Chili, N.Y. had been getting

a lot of static from classmates about his freckles, and finally a teacher's aid, Mrs. Alan Bauer, pointed out that lots of people had freckles. "But no football players," Ronald said gloomily. Mrs. Bauer had heard the names of two football-playing persons, a **Joe Namath** and an **O.J. Simpson**, and she decided to put the problem to O.J., Buffalo being closer to Chili, N.Y. than Manhattan is. Ronnie signed the letter. "Dear Ronnie, O.J. Simpson asked me to write because he heard you didn't believe any professional football players have freckles. I do, and I have played pro football for 13 years, and so do several players I know. You must learn, as so many people have, that it isn't what you look like that matters in life.

people don't like you for your face. They like you for what's inside—your honesty, courage, determination and other good qualities. Be good, try hard and learn to laugh. From your friend, **Jack Kemp**."

"Now Available," went the ad in *The New York Times*, "**Tom Seaver**, America's top athlete and sports personality. Plus—**Nancy Seaver**, Tom's lovely wife, for those situations that call for young Mrs. America or husband and wife sales appeal." Multigo Enterprises, Inc., which placed the ad, proves to be absolutely in earnest. **Matt Merila** and **Paul Goez** are personal managers of a number of athletes, **Cleon Jones**, **Roy White**, **Bob Griese** and **George Sauer Jr.** among them ("George is still writing his novel." Merila remarks of the latter, "and is so busy that our relations with him are more social than businesslike.") The purpose of the ad was to remind large companies that the baseball season was almost over and to let them know how to get in touch with the Seavers. How did the ad pull? Fine, except for some jerk who called to say the Mets were going to lose.





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STANDARD OF THE WORLD





Nostalgia for a more primitive, romantic time in ocean powerboat running was widespread even as Don Aronow's superboat, 'The Cigarette' (above), made a swift, triumphant crossing to the Bahamas

The strange case of the Miami-Nassau race

A mere decade ago ocean powerboat racing was a romantic, Barney Oldfield kind of sport, awash with socialites and water rats in leather helmets riding cantankerous wooden hulls that leaked a lot. The Miami-to-Nassau race, first of the big offshore affairs, was often as much a test of survival at sea as a competitive event. Engines were lumpy, unsophisticated brutes, and in the beginning preparation for the race consisted of little more than slapping a number on the side of a boat and tossing a jug of water into the bilge.

Now consider this month's Miami-Nassau, which was won at a record speed of 64.91 miles an hour by today's leading Oldfield-avassian, the millionaire boat building genius, Don Aronow. With his supervenient 32-foot Carycraft, *The Cigarette*—no part of which would have embarrassed an Armstrong, Aldrin or Collins—he defeated the nearest boat by 20 minutes and consigned the sport's romantic to the nostalgic deep.

Delayed four days by surly weather, a field of 14 finally started from Miami's Government Cut in a long, confused swell that had boats walking on

their tails, although, for the most part, it was not to be a rough race. Aronow had said he would be at a disadvantage in rough water, *The Cigarette* having been set up for light to medium going. Once across the Gulf Stream, light to medium is what he got.

Out through the Stream, Aronow kept a tight rein on *The Cigarette's* twin Mercury engines and let the more impetuous competitors take a ride on their transoms. "You know," he said later, "there are some boats that you don't want to ease up on the throttles when they get out of shape on a wave, but a lot of drivers do just that. There's only one way to find out if the treatment's right. That's to try it. I'll tell you, though, it takes guts to push those throttles forward when everything tells you you should slow up. At other times you do have to ease off—otherwise you might swap ends."

Driving without the aid of power steering and working both the wheel and throttles without help from his two crewmen, Aronow opened up on the glassy banks beyond the Stream. By the time he reached checkpoint two the race was all but over. Second at the finish was

Bob Magoon's *Andren*, powered by four huge Mercury outboard engines, and third, not far behind him, Jerry Langer's *Dog Catcher*, similarly powered—an excellent showing by the outboards.

Afterward, Crewman Knocky House, who has been racing so long he can scarcely remember when he began, added up the elements of victory: Aronow's technical skill and marvelous touch on the controls, the meticulously tuned engines, "the little, tiny things" that might occupy him, Aronow and fellow crewman Barry Cordingley for as much as three weeks before a race.

"Let's face it," said House. "Racing isn't fun like it used to be." Cordingley, who timed his leaves during a two-year Army hitch in Vietnam so as not to miss the Miami-Nassau, said amen, as did Aronow himself.

"I'll tell you what the difference is now," said Aronow. "You never relax anymore. Relax for a split second with the boats we have now and you go end for end."

What really started the kind of modern ocean racing Aronow was talking about was that now-famous breakthrough in hull design made—to the ev-

erlasting disgust of powerboat men—by Ray Hunt, a designer of sailboats. It was in 1960 that Hunt's deep-V hull appeared on the Miami-Nassau winner. Owned by Miamian Dick Bertram, a man distinguished in both sail and powerboat racing, *Moppye* revolutionized the sport. To gauge the impression made by this "sailboat hull trying to be a motorboat," as someone scathingly—and prematurely—called her, one had only to look at the bottoms of the Miami-Nassau boats for 1969. All owed more than a little to *Moppye*. (Hunt, becoming irritated, recently alarmed the boatbuilding industry by bringing suit against a shoal of builders for what he views as illegal copying of his V concept.)

Meanwhile, as hulls improved so did the engines. It is notoriously difficult to prepare an engine for a race car, still more difficult to breed an engine to run agonizingly rough, wet ocean miles without breaking down. As engine manufacturers glimpsed the publicity value in ocean racing, their power plants got

better—and the sport's structure changed from essential amateurism to factory-supported professionalism. Stock boats were soon made obsolete by prototype hulls, some capable of a thrilling 50 mph. Today Aronow can nudge 80 and he says 100 mph is on the horizon if turbine engines coupled with catamaran hulls are let into the sport.

Such racy visions of the future are clouded by the indications of discontent. When a gung-ho gent like Knocky House sees the "fun" falling off, something is amiss. Some drivers believe there are too many races on the championship schedule. "They're too close together," says one. "We don't get time to heal between races."

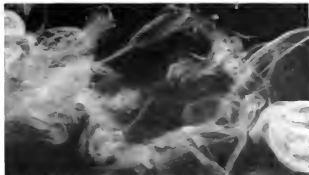
Which underlines the fact that drivers of the latest boats—superior as they are to the spring-a-leak hulls that came before—seem to be getting hurt more often than their predecessors. Aronow raced to Nassau aching from an old arm injury that had not had time to mend, and rare is the modern driver who has

not suffered damage to his limbs or ribs or spine.

Sherman (Red) Crise, the rough-tough promoter of the Miami-Nassau race, has lost a decidible or two of his normal thunderous optimism. Indeed, the race came close to being canceled during meetings between Crise and the Bahamian government. "I've got this little fishing camp," says Crise, who claims he is tired, "and I'd like to spend more time up there. Instead of talking to the people over there as I might have done in years past, this year, when they finally came to me. I just sat and listened." Strange talk from one who made his reputation by listening to no man, afloat or ashore, he once ran the Nassau auto races with the same sort of benevolent brutality he applies to the powerboat scene. However, Crise did sign a three-year contract with the Bahamas, assuring the Miami-Nassau's continuation for at least a little while longer. Now all he has to do is find someone to give Don Aronow a race. **END**

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The most enjoyable way of becoming an instant expert on the forthcoming waterfowl hunting season in the U.S. is to peek, and one of the best views is to be found at Tom Wheeler's Cabbage Willows Camp on James Bay, Quebec.

There, where shooting began this year on Sept. 11 and closed with the first snows Oct. 13—at least a month earlier than in the U.S.—hunting was spectacular, with strong indications that the 1969 season farther south may well be the best in 10 years.

Millions of snow geese, blues and Canadas move south from Arctic breeding grounds to the marshes along James Bay and, for a few brief weeks of autumn, rest among the cattails and bulrushes at Cabbage Willows, fattening themselves on salt grasses, sedges and herbs. For centuries the Cree Indians knew about this part of James Bay, but they kept the secret to themselves. Each fall small bands of Indians would move by canoe from their villages at Moosonee and Rupert House to camps at Cabbage Willows. There in the weeks before winter they harvested enough geese to feed themselves until spring. It was not until 1945 that the white man discovered this Indian hunting ground, and even today few white men have hunted there.

It is not an easy place to reach. The road north ends at Matagami, some 140 air miles away, and flights from there depend upon the whims of weather. Of a dozen shooting camps on James Bay, the oldest and best is Wheeler's at Cabbage Willows. A pioneer in aviation and wilderness exploration, Wheeler made his early bush flights into northern Quebec with one sportsman's eye focused on where the hunting and fishing looked best. He opened his camp 24 years ago when he obtained a long-term lease from the provincial government on 32 square miles of marsh—20,000 acres of the choicest waterfowl resting and feeding grounds. The original camp has grown over the years into unexpectedly luxurious quarters for an area so remote. From the air the double cluster of buildings, one on either side of a tributary that runs west from Cabbage Willows River, gives the appearance of a small community. Some 15 Cree Indians with their wives and children live in the south-easterly buildings.

Across the tributary, which is spanned

Sneak preview from a happy hunting ground

From James Bay, Quebec, the ducks and geese are pouring down the flyways in numbers calculated to make this season one of the best

by a narrow footbridge, sits the main building with its bunkrooms, each sleeping six, comfortable lounge, bar, dining room and kitchen and several additional cabins and storerooms. Every building is insulated, heated and electrically lighted. The meals are feasts usually begun with such appetizers as escargots and smoked sturgeon, and the wine at dinner is served in crystal.

In addition to Cabbage Willows and his main Lac Ouimet Club 80 miles north of Montreal at St. Jovite, Tom Wheeler operates three fishing camps: Finger Lake in Ungava, where during the July-August season anglers take Arctic char to 28 pounds and lake trout to 40; and Lac Repas and Lac La Carpe camps north of St. Jovite, from which anglers fish for speckled and lake trout in 35-odd lakes accessible only by air.

The standards, the style and the sport at all Wheeler camps are strictly first class, which is why 80% of his clients are repeat business. Considering this, the rates are a bargain. A three-day shoot at Cabbage Willows, plus a day at each end getting there, costs \$530 and includes everything from arrival at Montreal to departure: bar-equipped limousine from and to the airport, pre- and posthunt accommodations at Lac Ouimet Club, transportation by land cruiser and floatplane to and from James Bay, food, lodging, liquor, ammunition, licenses, Indian guides, canoes, outboard motors, waterproof clothing, hip boots, gratuities, and even such personal items as long johns, socks and a gun, should a hunter come without them.

The flight from Matagami to camp takes an hour and 20 minutes in normal weather, but it must be timed to the high tide and there is little margin for delay. Once in camp, the hunters are similarly dependent upon tides, since the canoes can navigate the two miles

or so of river to the hunting grounds only when the water is high. Then they must wait until the next high tide to return. Since tides vary during the season, shooting parties often leave camp before dawn, stopping on the way to gather willows for blinds.

Near the river's mouth the boats move away from the broad water, following a network of streams deep into the marsh. There the Indians moor the boats and, two Indians to each pair of hunters, head out on foot. Finally the Indians stop. They stick the willows into the ground, fashioning a circular blind, shoulder high, four feet in diameter. Then they move to a pool a dozen feet away. With paddles they scoop up mud, shaping and smoothing it into mounds with their hands. They pull handkerchief-size white rags from the canvas bags and place them carefully over each mound of mud. They put other rags over bent willows and plant these, too, in the mud.

Soon there are perhaps a dozen mud and willow decoys that look nothing like geese, but the Indians seem satisfied. They move beyond the decoys to a clump of willows and crouch among them. A light rain is falling and the sky has turned from black to gray. Then, suddenly, the birds begin to fly. They appear on the horizon in V-shaped wedges, honking and gagging and shrieking. From the bushes the Indians call back, their voices rising higher as the geese answer. A flock of birds passes over the decoys, swings around and circles back.

"Shoot! Shoot!" the Indians shout. The birds barely clear the blind, swooping over the hunters' heads from behind. They are out of range in seconds. The hunters, caught off-guard, look dumbly after them. One of the Indians stands up and waves his arms.

"Turn around," he calls. "Face other way!"

Feeling foolish and inept, the hunters turn their backs to the decoys.

Another flock circles and comes back. This time the birds set their wings, gliding directly toward the blind. Together the hunters stand and fire. Three geese fall. The Indians run out and carry them back to the decoys. They prop up the geese with sticks, adding them to the hogus flock.

The birds come in now from all directions. By 7:45 there are nine real geese propped among the imposters at the blind. The limit is five per hunter per day. There is still one bird to go.

And then, as abruptly as their flight began, it stops. An occasional flight passes by, high and uninterested. An hour passes without a shot being fired. Then finally a flock approaches, lower than the others. It hesitates, studying the gathering below, then flies on. One goose separates from the flock. It is coming in, but high. At the blind it flares. The hunter fires. We have our limit.

It is 9 o'clock. There are still two hours to the next tide and a limit of ducks to be taken. The Indians gather the geese and boxes and bits of rags and we start back across the marsh to the boat.

The Indians stop this time at a point in a channel almost as wide as the main river. Again they produce their bits of cloth, fashioning new decoys at the edge of the point. They are like the first ones and look no more like ducks than they did like geese. But in minutes a green-wing teal flies directly into them. Several more come by. There are no flocks of ducks this morning, only singles and pairs, but they come in steadily.

After a while another canoe comes along. It carries the Royal Canadian Mounted policeman who is stationed at Cabbage Willows for the shooting season. He exchanges pleasantries and warns that the tide will soon change and the wind will blow the trap back. The Indians again gather up birds and gear. The morning's shoot is ended.

At camp there is a hot buttered rum for each hunter as he climbs up the bank from the boat. The Indians spread the birds on the wet grass, then pluck, dress and pack them in cold storage. They will scrub the hunter's boots, wash down his rangefar, clean and oil his gun in preparation for tomorrow's hunt. And tomorrow's hunt, like every hunt at Cabbage Willows, will be spectacular. **END**

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A couple of hips, one hurrah

Two famous men went to Las Vegas. Palmer's hip was still creaky even in the heat of the desert, but Nicklaus moved his thinner ones to win

Sometimes you have to get into interior America to find out what is really on the nation's mind. For instance, on one coast you may get the population burning candles, shredding newspapers and wailing hysterically through the streets over the matter of the Mets. On the opposite coast they can be burning candles, too, but only by moving inland to Las Vegas do you get to feel the real pulse of the republic. Those who were there last week and could spare time from the blackjack tables were largely concerned with Arnold Palmer's hip, a piece of calcium that may someday be enshrined.

Palmer's hip has been in seclusion ever since the first round of the PGA championship last August when it flatly refused to function. Some of the time it has been sitting in a chair back home in Pennsylvania while Arnold labored over the Palmer conglomerate. Occasionally,

the hip went down the road to the La-Trobe Country Club golf course to see if it could still pivot. Which it could, sort of, with a few sharp twinges.

And now the hip was being publicly unveiled in Las Vegas for the inspection of off-duty croupiers, cocktail waitresses and several thousand other strays who were willing to risk a \$2 taxi ride from the air-conditioned casinos to the wilds of the Sahara-Nevada Country Club on the edge of the great desert. It was there that the owner of the hip, along with a hundred and a half other golfers, was after the \$100,000 prize money of the autumn's first real contest, known as the Sahara Invitational. "I was getting itchy just sitting around home," explained the owner of the hip. "I still have trouble getting through 18 holes, so I'm not sure I should be playing. But you know how it is."

It had been a long time between serious golf tournaments, so a lot of other immortals were itchy, too. Like Ted Hayes Jr., Bob Menne and Herb Hooper—all up there with leaders after the first round. Fuchsia-clad Doug Sanders reappeared from behind the partial eclipse in which he had been laboring for much of the year, scoring a fine 65 to lead the field on opening day.

Frank Beard, the year's leading money winner, was on hand, bringing home a 65 to take the third-round lead, which seemed a bit greedy for a fellow who had already banked close to \$160,000 of the year's loot, but then Frank has his expenses like the rest of us.

Jack Nicklaus had more serious things on his mind than just income. He ranked 19th on the list of money winners, pro golf's major yardstick of achievement, so this seemed destined to be the first time in his eight years as a pro that he has finished lower than third. "Sure I'm concerned about the way I've played, and I'm here because I hope to salvage something out of the year," said Jack.

He did. He went out and fired four superb rounds, including his 65 on Sunday,

to fly past Beard and coast home with a four-stroke margin. His 272 total was 12 under par, and the \$20,000 prize jumped him to seventh on the money list, which is a little more like the Jack we used to know. Beard had to settle for a paltry \$11,400.

Time was when the fall tour was something the rabbits had pretty much to themselves after the big boys had packed their sticks and headed home to Texas and Florida. The rumor is that Del Webb, who likes to build hotels and other things that attract spenders, got bored counting his money one day about a dozen years ago. A bunch of the stuff was still lying on the table, so Webb said to an assistant, "Let's see if the golfers would like to come out here to little old Vegas and play for what's left." Thus the Sahara was born, along with the fall tour.

Of course, in this day \$20,000 first prize hardly merits a drive across town, but a lot of golfers' wives discovered they could get away from home for a week and see Dean Martin in person. So this impressive collection of rich golfers was trudging along the Sahara fairways alongside the likes of John Levinson, Paul Moran, Howell Fraser and Jerry Heard.

As usual, however, most of the gal-



PALMER FINDS HIS PUTTER A GOOD PROP



SKINNY JACK FINALLY FINDS HIS WAY

lery just clung to Arnie, who was struggling along in the middle of the pack. The awful thing about watching today's Palmer agonizing through a round is that you know that he knows he is not about to win. Not that he is playing all that badly. In Vegas there were moments when he seemed on the verge of making one of those old charges. There would be a couple of birdies, and the gallery would be working itself into a sweeter. But then the putts would refuse to drop and some of the vitality would leak out of Arnie's still-powerful frame.

In the past there was the beautiful excitement of waiting for one of Palmer's miracle shots. Now, perhaps because of the hip, perhaps because the putts aren't dropping, perhaps because the concentration is no longer what it once was, disaster is apt to compound disaster. It happened last week toward the end of Palmer's second round. His 69 on the first day had left him only four strokes off the pace, but then he came to a dog-leg par-3 that is, as the saying goes, eminently birdieable.

Palmer's drive was a little off line in the short rough to the right. He took out the spoon and went for the green with a vicious whap. The ball took off on a parabolic cross-country flight over a fence and out of bounds into somebody's backyard. Naturally, Arnold dropped another ball and prepared to hit his provisional, but a yell came up the fairway that the first ball was safe. Arnold picked up the provisional and marched off happily toward the green.

The good news turned out to be false. Palmer had to return to the original spot and drop a second provisional. It cost him four strokes, and he had a nine for the hole. Moments later he missed a two-foot putt, and an otherwise good round was ruined. The third day's 68 was some consolation, particularly for the celebrated hip, but Palmer was never again in the running.

Nicklaus' problems are a bit more subtle than Palmer's. Jack freely admits that his only serious goals in golf at this point are the major championships, and he still must win four of them to tie Bobby Jones' all-time record of 13. Yet, Jack asks, "If you play the other tournaments in a sloppy way, how can you expect to play the big tournaments well?"

Nicklaus has been trying. He has pruned off 15 pounds. While not yet an hourglass, he is relatively svelte and

continued

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nath, morphemes and earth sciences?

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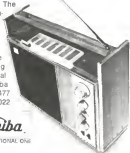


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GOLF

hopes to drop another 10 to make 185 before he dares look at another mashed potato. He is not sure what effect it has had on his golf except, perhaps, to make it a little easier to move his hips through the ball.

As Nicklaus sees it, the trouble with his game this year has only been some little flaws in his swing—minor but still enough to cost him a stroke or two a round, which is the difference between 19th and first on the money list.

"My trouble," Jack explained after the tournament, "was on my backswing I was crossing the center line to the target. That's all right for a hooker, but I hit the ball with a little fade. So it wasn't going where I expected. Gardner Dickinson, who has been nice enough to help me when we're at home, pointed out just a little thing to me on Wednesday afternoon, and it made a big difference. Normally when I address the ball I keep my hands high and my wrist well arched, but I was dropping my hands on the way back. I made the correction on Thursday, and it was the first time all year I haven't had to make a conscious effort not to cross the line on my backswing. By Friday I was able to repeat the same swing more times than I have all year. If I wanted to fade it I could, if I wanted to hook it I could."

Hoping to salvage something from a disappointing season, Nicklaus now plans to continue through several more events on the fall tour and a few other tournaments before the curtain rings down on the PGA statistics for 1969.

It may not be as easy as it once was. It is no fluke that those people named Ted Hayes Jr. and Bob Menne are up there walking step by step with Beard, Nicklaus and Dave Hill. Jack Tuthill, the PGA tournament director, was talking about it at Vegas one morning while he watched a few dozen of the anonymous new bodies warming up for their rounds. "I don't know," Tuthill mused. "It seems like every week there's a whole bunch of these new kids showing up with great swings and beautiful putting strokes, and next year there'll probably be twice as many more. I don't know what's going to happen."

Nobody can be sure what is going to happen next year, or even next week, but it looks as though Jack Nicklaus will be around with all those anonymous new bodies, at least until he gets the Big Four.

END



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Picking the champions a bit ahead of time

Over the Halloween weekend, at Del Webb's Towne House in Phoenix, two top contract-bridge teams will duel for the right to represent America in the World Championship for the Bermuda Bowl, to be held in Stockholm next June. Since Italy will be defending without her great Blue Team, which won the bowl 10 times running (only two of the old Blues, Belladonna and Garozzo, are expected to play for the defenders), the Americans will go to Stockholm as favorites. It is true that any team which includes Belladonna and Garozzo must be considered a contender, but the cognoscenti believe that Italy will not win with Forquet, D'Alelio, Palus-Tacci and Asarelli out of action.

In any event, in the Phoenix playoff—a six-session, 180-deal duel—the four-man team from Los Angeles, which is

*East-West vulnerable
West dealer*

headed by Richard Walsh and which won the Vanderbilt Cup in the Spring Nationals in Cleveland, meets Ira Corn's Dallas Aces, who won the Spingold, the other big knock-out team championship, at the Summer Nationals in Los Angeles. Walsh's team is young—average age under 30. It includes John Swanson, Jerry Hallee and last year's leading master-point winner, Paul Soloway. The Aces, a frankly professional team put together by Industrial Magnate Corn, include Jim Jacoby, Bobby Wolff, Bill Eisenberg, Bobby Goldstein, Mike Lawrence and, the most recent addition, Bob Hansman. Until the team recruited Hansman, Corn himself played an occasional session, but he is too good a player to kid himself that he might make the Stockholm scene on his own table skill. In fact, asked to describe one of his Aces' good hands, Corn preferred to cite this one in which, as he put it, "A couple of slackers from Canada named Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela, did a little expert Corn-shucking."

The vulnerability favored preemptive tactics by South, but Corn's four-spade bid was a trifle overexuberant; two spades or three spades would have been better, especially against the Canadians' impeccable defense. Kehela led the ace of clubs—this pair leads ace from ace-king—and Murray dropped the jack, the automatic ace-low, to give the count rather than to demand a continuation of the suit. Kehela shifted to his singleton heart, Murray collected two heart tricks and gave his partner a third-round heart ruff. At this point most defenders would go wrong either by trying to cash a second club or by leading a low diamond. In the latter case, when East won the diamond shift the defenders could no longer both cash a second diamond trick and gain an overruff position for West in hearts. Should East lead a fourth heart after winning the diamond ace, South could simply discard his second diamond. Kehela did not fall into this trap. He milked the hand of its ultimate trick by leading the king of diamonds before putting partner in with the ace. Now, on the fourth round of hearts, declarer had his choice of ways to lose an extra trick. He could ruff high and lose two spade tricks to East. Or he could ruff low, get overruffed with West's queen and still lose a trump trick to East's jack. The defenders had eight tricks, and declarer was minus 900.

If the Walsh team advances to Stockholm, Walsh and Swanson will be employing asking-bid and relay-bid weapons to overcome the advantage that the Italians have long

continued





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BRIDGE

East-West
vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
 ♠ A K 8 3
 ♥ K Q 6
 ♦ K Q
 ♣ A 7 1 2

WEST
 ♠ Q J 10 7
 ♥ 10 8
 ♦ 7 6 5
 ♣ Q 10 9 5

EAST
 ♠ 6 1 2
 ♥ 3 J 7 5 4 2
 ♦ 9 2
 ♣ J 8

SOUTH
 ♠ 3 5
 ♥ 9 3
 ♦ A J 10 8 5 4
 ♣ K 6 3

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
2 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
3 ♥	PASS	2 ♣	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
1 ♣	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
6 ♣	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: queen of spades

enjoyed in the accuracy of their slam bidding. Above is a sample from Walsh's final-round Vanderbilt win.

Aside from the opening two-no-trump bid, the auction needs considerable explanation. South's first response was, for the moment at least, a transfer bid commanding North to bid three hearts. South might have had a weak hand. But when he bid three spades it was a relay (cheapest possible bid) announcing a long minor suit and slam interest. North's three-no-trump rebid was forced: South finally revealed his diamond suit, and North then used four spades as a warning bid, showing better spades than hearts. South's four no trump was natural and might have been passed, but North's points were in top cards and his leap to six diamonds indicated suitable grand-slam material. However, South had already given his all.

The slam was better than 50-50. It would always make with the ace of hearts onside. Even with the ace offside (which it was not when the hand was played) South would have additional chances, such as the one shown here. After winning the spade lead in dummy South would cash two top diamonds, overtaking the second, lead a third round, discarding a club from dummy, and lead toward dummy's heart honors. Assuming that East ducks smoothly—his best play—South cashes dummy's spade ace and ruffs a spade to his hand in order to lead another heart. East can win in dummy's remaining heart honor, but cannot save partner from a square in the black suits, even with a club return. South simply wins with the king and leads out his remaining trumps. **END**

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MY STORY

by LEW ALCINDOR with JACK OLSEN

Breaking the silence that he has maintained throughout his career, this astonishingly gifted athlete speaks candidly of his experiences. In the first of three articles, he reveals his changing attitudes toward racial issues, the secret break with his high school coach and why he chose UCLA

My name is Ferdinand Lewis Alcindor Jr., and my name is also Abdul Kareem, but I'll explain about that much later. I'm going to tell you my life story from as far back as I can remember, and if you think that it takes a lot of conceit for a 22-year-old basketball player to tell his life story, then that's your hang-up. The way things are in America today—and have been for 200 years—the story of any black man has meaning, even if he's a shoeshine "boy" or a porter or your friendly neighborhood Uncle Tom. Maybe you won't read about them; maybe you will read about me because you're interested in basketball. That's fine. A long time ago I learned to accept the idea that people have no interest in me ex-

cept as a jock. But I'm also a person, a human being, just like those other black men who walk about invisible to many of their fellows.

My earliest memory is of sitting on the grass in Central Park. It was bright and sunny, airy. I was about 3. My mother was with me. I was running around on this bright green carpet of grass, still getting used to the fact that I was the large, economy-size child. My parents tell me I was 22½ inches long and 12 pounds 11 ounces in weight when I was born, but I don't remember back that far. I do remember playing in the grass of Central Park around 110th Street when I was 3. And I remember a ball. In my earliest memory I was playing with a ball. The other thing

continued

"This capton," says Lew, "is an African robe that was specially made for me. The Star and Crescent around my neck is an old Islamic symbol made out of white gold. I wear it all the time."

that I remember from way back is music—all kinds of music—from the *Trumpet Voluntary to Take the "A" Train*. My dad graduated from Juilliard School of Music in 1952, when I was 5, and that was a very high point in our family history. We all went down for the ceremonies, my mother and father and grandmother and several other relatives, and after the certificates were presented they had a reception and the graduates played their instruments. I saw all those European-looking cats with their hair down to here, and it made me proud that my father was blowing right along with them, on his trombone. He also studied conducting and piano, but since there wasn't too much call for black symphony conductors in those days he held onto his job as a bill collector for a furniture company and then slid over to the Transit Authority police department, where he's now a sergeant. He's always kept up with his music, though. He used to go down to the Elks Club at 126th and Fifth Avenue to jam with other musicians, and sometimes he'd take me along. Dizzy Gillespie came around. Yusef Lateef sat in when his name was Bill Evans. Art Blakey was there. Years later, when I was over 7 feet tall, my dad and I ran into Art Blakey, who is about 5'3", and he looked at me and he said, "This is the kid you had in the carriage?" My father said I was the kid. Blakey kept walking around me and saying, "Are you sure this is the kid you had in the carriage?"

My mother and father had met in North Carolina, when my father was stationed at Fort Bragg during World War II, and they found they had a common interest in music. In fact, they both sang in the Hall Johnson Choir later. My mother is a very calm, very intuitive person, and one of the world's great cooks. She can burn, my mother! Collard greens, black-eyed peas and rice, turnip greens, fried chicken, etc. People look at my mother, who is 5'11", and my father, at 6'2½", and they wonder how I got to be 7'1½" and 235 pounds. Well, you have to go back a generation earlier, to my father's father, who was 6'8" and migrated to New York from Trinidad. I never saw him, but my father

said he was an impressive sight with his handlebar mustache and his long hair. My grandfather spoke Yoruba, a Nigerian language, and English, and my grandmother spoke English, Spanish, French and a Trinidad patois. She had a musical way of speaking, and when I used to go over to her house in Brooklyn to eat some of her delicious meals of fried bananas and mangoes and all, I had to change my brain rhythms to un-



As a 12-year-old Little Leagueer, Len hit a single, double, triple and homer and stole five bases the day his father took this picture.

demand what she was saying in that soft singsong.

Around my house, there was no speaking shamefully about ancestors. We had forebears we could take pride in, and I used to love to sit and listen to my father tell me tales about my grandfather and how he came to New York to make his living. I was always taught that behind me there was something real and authentic and dignified, and this helps

give a child a sense of self-worth and keeps him from feeling inferior no matter what kind of propaganda is being laid down around him. I always had that feeling of self-worth. You can go to Trinidad right now and find a place called Alcinder Trace in the district of Balandra. We are those Alcinders. We are not meek and recessive, and we are not ashamed of ourselves.

It was our pride that took us right out of Harlem when I was still a little kid. My father wasn't too happy about the way the neighborhood around 111th and Seventh Avenue was developing, and he moved us up to the northern end of Manhattan to the Dyckman housing project in a section called Inwood. That was where I spent my childhood, in a pleasant place. Inwood is smack in the middle of New York, but it is green, as green as Beverly Hills. Right near the buildings of the project is Fort George Park, and there's a big hill between 193rd and Dyckman Street, and the grass goes all the way down to the Harlem River Drive and then to the river. The air is fresh, there's no industry nearby. Not far away to the west is Fort Tryon Park. More acres and acres of green, and in the middle of it is the museum for medieval art called The Cloisters. The view from my own bedroom on the fifth floor of the project was The Cloisters. The point is, this was no ghetto, and it did not produce hoods and junkies. Sure, as little kids we did a certain amount of pilfering, things like candy bars at the supermarket and sodas from the machines we could feed, just like the kids in Balu-Cynwyd, Pa. or Shaker Heights, Ohio. But our neighborhood produced no great amount of crime. Most of the guys I was brought up with are now in school or holding steady jobs. Most of them are white. When I was living in the project, the ratio was about 6 to 1 white, but it's a little lower now. That was one of the things that confused me about race, in our building we had people from Cuba, Russia, England, Germany, Ireland, Puerto Rico, everywhere, and all of us kids got along when we were small. There were seven 14-story buildings with 12 apartments on a floor, and that made a lot of kids, and we

played together without regard to race or religion or color.

I guess I was in the third grade when I began to wonder why my father and I always had to go way down to 125th Street in Harlem to get our hair cut. There were plenty of barbers in the Inwood area, but I never saw them cutting a black man's hair. One day when my father and I were making the trip down Broadway on Bus No. 100, I just flat out asked him why. He thought a while and then he said, "Lewis, No. 1 is that the white barbers in the neighborhood might not cut our hair the way we want it, and No. 2 is that they might not want to cut it at all." This didn't shock me or anything; it just gave me something to think about, and I digested it in my mind for several days. That's the way racial knowledge comes to American black children, a little at a time, some of it digestible and some of it as hard to take as rocks in the stomach, until that dull pain becomes constant and you can't get rid of it. It starts with things like the long bus ride for a haircut.

But I was pretty much shielded in my first three years of school. My parents are Catholic, and they put me in St. Jude's, run by the Presentation Sisters, and John Graham and I were the only black kids in the school. In those early years, we didn't catch anything negative from the sisters, and not much from the kids, and then—bang!—the fourth grade descended on me like a ton of bricks.

At that point, both of my parents were working, and this left nobody at home to take care of me. I was sent to the Holy Providence School in Cornwells Heights, Pa., just north of Philadelphia. The school is run by the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, nuns who teach Afro-Americans and Indians. My classmates were deprived black kids from the ghettos of Philly, D.C., Baltimore, and they were another world. Tough, hardened little fellows with vocabularies right out of the maximum-security wing at Sing Sing. The mildest insult they could offer was "Mother Fletcher," but this was used only when there might be a nun within earshot. The rest of the

time they used the real words. What an education it was for a protected kid from the Dyckman housing project!

When I enrolled in Holy Providence as a fourth-grader, I was already the second-tallest kid in the whole school, and the school went up to the eighth grade. Ordinarily, this would have made things easier for me, but I managed to get off on the wrong foot with those kids from the ghettos. You see, I could read well and easily. It was as natural to me to read as it was for other kids to play on a swing. We always had a zillion books around our house—still do—and I'd grown up around books. But these other black kids had come from families where reading was regarded as some kind of occult art—they were all too busy trying to keep from being hungry and miserable to spend any time on books, and this too is part of the black condition. Anyway, the nuns discovered that I read fluently, and one day they had me read aloud before the seventh-grade kids. The nun said, "Listen to him! This is how you should read!" Man, that did it! I was ostracized. They thought I was some kind of a weird egghead, and I'm anything but an egghead. And they shunned me. But when the basketball season began at Holy Providence, I noticed that the other kids did a lot of looking in my direction, and one day a big kid grabbed me by the arm and announced, "Come on, Mother Fletcher, we gonna teach you a game."

Up until then I had known very little about basketball. My father was a great athlete, but his main interests were swimming and track and handball, and all he had taught me about basketball was dribbling. I would bounce the ball three or four times and then lose control, and nobody was mistaking me for Meadowlark Lemon. But I was tall, about a head taller than the other guys in the fourth grade, and so the kids hustled me out to the playground to teach me the game from scratch—and claw, and elbow. They played a tough fundamental game, sort of a blend of basketball, lacrosse and prizefighting. There was a

big metal swing support, but no swings on it, and they had roped a peach basket to the top of it and that was our basket. We usually played three-on-three in the playground, but every now and then they'd pile us into the coach's old green Chevy and off we'd go to play another grammar school in Bristol or Ambler, places like that. I rode the bench most of the time, the other kids on our team were eighth-graders, four and five years older than I was. But from that point on—I was 9 years old and 5'4" tall—the pattern of my life was set. I operated on a cycle, and the cycle was based on the basketball season. For me, that was and is the season, and all life revolves around it, like a biological-clock setup.

Something else that started in that tough fourth-grade year in Pennsylvania was a knowledge of the hard realities of the black scene in America. I didn't do any more dreaming about the melting pot and how whites and blacks and reds and yellows could all get together and be happy. Now I know. These ghetto

continued



In the Catholic high school championships of 1965, won by Power, Lewis faced against Rice.



With Coach Donahue at his side, Lew Davis suspense over the college he will attend

kids at Holy Providence got the message to me loud and clear.

I went back to my family and St. Jude's school for the fifth-grade year, but my mother was definitely not prepared for the type of child I had become. It was a rough and violent world at Holy Providence, and I had suddenly been thrust into it and had had to adapt, and the way you adapt is to imitate, to try to be like the rest. So I had become a little on the hateful side, even though that was not my true nature. And I had picked up some interesting expressions, even though I did not use them around my folks. But my mother could see the change instantly, and one day she said to me, "Lew, when you left here you were such a nice child, but now you've learned some naughty things. Now just you get busy and unlearn some of those things!"

When I got back, I had two more black friends in St. Jude's, Eddie Clark and Alexander Freeman, but the racial thing was still not strong in the school, and we black kids had plenty of white pals

MY STORY *continued*

and teammates. By now I was so big that they just had to put me on the basketball team, even though I was still the clumsiest thing in town. I was the second-biggest kid on the team—the biggest was an eighth-grader, half an inch taller than I was—but I couldn't get all my parts working together properly. I didn't get into many games. That summer I ran track, and I picked up my speed. It's a good thing I did, one day I looked up from where I was wandering around the Harlem River Drive and saw two kids stealing my English racer, the greatest prize of my life. They had come up on bikes of their own, flanked my bike, lifted it up between them and pedaled off. I chased them for two miles along the Harlem River Drive, and I finally made them drop it and tear out of there as fast as they could. Nobody was going to steal *that* bike!

It was the next year that I reached some milestones. I entered the sixth grade, and I went over 6 feet and I began to learn something about basketball. I still didn't play very well, and it was frustrating because others didn't understand why and neither did I.

But I was learning the game, thanks to a middle-aged white man named Farrell Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins was the all-round father figure at St. Jude's. He coached every sport we had, and in the summer he piled us into his car and took us to places like Bear Mountain. He ran a free day camp, and he didn't care if you were white, black or purple. He took an interest in you and made you feel like somebody. You read a lot of stuff about American heroes, from Nathan Hale right up to Audie Murphy and Colin Kelly. In my book you can add the name of Farrell Hopkins, and all the other Farrell Hopkines of this country who work with kids for the sheer joy of it.

Mr. Hopkins knew I was lazy, and he helped me out of that. He knew I was self-conscious about my height and I was in danger of becoming too shy, and he helped me out of that. Mr. Hopkins gave me the incentive to practice layups until I could make them nine times out of 10. "Look, Lewis," he said one day, "making layups is just a mat-

ter of practice. If you miss a layup at your height, you look ridiculous. You only give people something to laugh about when you miss a layup." After that, I picked out my spot on the backboard and I practiced layups until I got them down cold. Regular practice would end at 5 p.m., but I had permission to stay on till 6 or 7, practicing by myself. Yes, I was just like the rest of those black athletes you've read about, the ones that put all their waking energy into learning the moves. That night be a sad commentary on America in general, but that's the way it's going to be until black people can flow without prejudice into any occupation they can master. For now, it's still pretty much music and sports for us.

I guess it was right about then—the sixth grade—that the real racial problems began, or it was right about then that I became sensitive enough to care. To begin with, I had personality problems of my own. I was always thrust in with kids two and three grades older because of my height. At day camp I couldn't play with the other sixth-graders, but I wasn't emotionally mature enough for the eighth-graders, and it made me a mark for jokes and smart stuff. So I'd blow my top and stomp off. One day I just walked out of the day camp, quit it cold and went home, but Mr. Hopkins sent for me. At times like that he'd have a long talk with me, then he'd get the other kids aside and have a long talk with them. Of course, the problem was insoluble, but Mr. Hopkins never stopped trying.

The racial behavior was beginning in the classrooms by now, although it was not blatant. The nuns would not allow it to be blatant. They were strict, and they were tough. We had one nun named Mary Sebastian who was 5' 11", and she used to deck people when the occasion arose. She punched this one dude, Michael Farrell, and knocked him into the cloakroom because he was giving her a lot of sand. I would estimate she only decked about three people a year, but seeing people decked is a great incentive to good behavior. It really tightens you up. I never got decked myself, but I saw it happen. Sister Mary Sebastian

wherever you are today, let me say respectfully that I still wouldn't want to go three rounds with you. That is some right cross.

One day we were all sitting around the lunchroom and one of the kids said, "You know, if you put charcoal on you enough days in a row and let it settle in, you'll turn black!" And everybody got real quiet, as though that was really something to think about, the horror of it all. So I thought about it, too, and on the way out of the lunchroom I said to those white kids, "The thing is, you think that if you're black that's terrible," and they all just looked at me as though I was right. So that gave me an insight, and I kept saying to myself, "What's wrong with being black?" And I couldn't find any answer to it. I couldn't work the problem out in my brain. I still can't.

At that time my best friend was a white kid I'll just call John. He was a good baseball pitcher, and we were so close up to the sixth grade that we went everywhere arm in arm. But then I started being friendly with the two black kids, Alexander Freeman and Eddie Clark, and John became pretty tight with a clique of whites. That was O.K., kids are always coming together and drifting apart through school; no big deal. I didn't attach any racial overtones to it. But there were racial overtones, and I found out about them quickly in the seventh grade. We were horseplaying in the lunchroom, pushing and shoving and goofing around, all in fun, and I pushed somebody who then bumped into John, and John got up and walked over and smacked me in the face. I hit him back, and I figured that was the end of that. I was wrong.

That afternoon I was walking home toward the project when I heard this soft voice behind me saying "Nigger." I turned and it was John. He had a couple of his friends with him, and his nose was swollen and red, and they all began saying it, louder and louder—all the way home. "Nigger! Blackie! Black boy!" All the words you could imagine. We had been best friends. O.K., best friends drift apart, that's life. But why do I suddenly have to become a nigger, a blackie?

It took me years to understand that experience. Now I know what happened. John was getting pressure from his own group, his own family, and the fact that we had been best friends only intensified his need to become my enemy, to make a complete break from this indiscretion of his innocent childhood. O.K. But it didn't help the situation at the time.

The scene at St. Jude's kept getting worse. Most of the kids in the school were of Irish descent. Alex Haley, the man who wrote the story of Malcolm X, once said that the warmest people he had ever met were the Irish—in Ireland. But these New York Irish had been a persecuted race themselves, and the Irish kids at St. Jude's were the descendants of bitter people who had been reviled and discriminated against, forced into certain lines of work like day labor and housecleaning and (the lucky ones) cops and priests. And that bred a race of grouchy Irish-Americans, the ones in New York, the ones I was going to school with. At home they'd hear sour stories about the niggers who competed for jobs with them, and naturally they'd want to take it out on us. So the wall went up. And it stayed up. We three or four black boys in the school quickly learned certain facts of life. White girls were definitely not where it's at. You paid no attention to them whatever. We could have white friends, but you couldn't really relate to them. We all spoke, but it was about nothings. Matters of importance were not suitable for interracial discussion. Here we had been rubbing shoulders with white kids for eight or 10 years. We knew some of them intimately, and now all of a sudden we couldn't talk to them. The color wall was firmly in place. And there was nothing the nuns could do about it—because it was invisible to them.

Various black kids adapted in various ways. I became a loner. I learned to live with my family, my basketball and a casual friend or two. The whole social scene at St. Jude's did not exist for me. I would go down to Harlem for my social life. I'd play ball there, see girls there, get my hair cut there. Harlem was the capital of my new world.

By the end of the seventh grade I was

6'5": that's how fast I shot up. Our team at St. Jude's was slightly better than average, and my game was improving. One day in a game I jumped up and touched the rim of the basket. Amazing! After the game I stayed around till everybody left and I kept jumping up and touching it. I did it 30 times in a row just to prove to myself that it was no fluke.

Maybe I got a little swellheaded after that, although I can't imagine why. I still was clumsy in games, but I guess I thought that anybody that can touch the rim in the seventh grade must be hot stuff, and I started cutting up and adding to Coach Hopkins' problems. That poor man had about 20 jobs around the school, and he used to get us started practicing layups and weaves and set shots and then he'd leave to attend to one of his other jobs. As soon as he got out of sight we'd start practicing the fancy stuff, behind-the-back dribbles and reverse layups and long-range hook shots and blind shots without looking at the basket. I confess I was one of the big instigators. This was fantasy time for all of us, and in the meantime we were ignoring the fundamentals that we were a long way from mastering.

The next year we decided we'd really try to win the league for Mr. Hopkins. We didn't, though. We won all the games except the key ones. I had a good year; in one away game I scored 33 points, which was more than our whole team usually scored. And I found out I could dunk the ball. I was 6'8", I was 14 years old and I could dunk a basketball. I suppose I attracted a certain amount of attention.

I was good enough, at least, to bring some recruiters around, and the best part about that was they used to lay pro basketball tickets on me. I met Elgin Baylor, Red Auerbach, Bill Russell, all the heroes of my existence. I saw Arlen Bockhorn play for Cincinnati, and I said to myself, "Wow! A basketball player with a beard! How hip can you get?" When we weren't getting tickets from one prep school recruiter we were getting them from another. The heaviest pressure came from Power Memorial Academy in Manhattan and Archbishop Molloy

continued

High School in Queens. The Hill School in Pottstown, Pa., a private prep school, wanted me, too. They offered a full scholarship, everything, but I would be a "first," and I didn't like that idea.

Gradually I began to lean toward Power, because I had played some games there, I had practiced there and it was a straight shot on the subway from my home in the Dyckman project. Also, I liked Jack Donohue, the coach at Power. He had a good sense of humor and he could relate to his athletes, and I figured he would be a pleasure to play for. He was and he wasn't, but I didn't find that out till later. At the time I figured myself a very fortunate black kid. I was going to a school with a high academic standing. Eventually, I was going to go to college, one way or another, and I was going to become an architect. I had proud and loving and talented parents, and I was content within my family group. I had nothing to be ashamed of scholastically. Since the fifth grade, when they started having an honor roll, I had never missed being on it. I took all this in and accepted Power Memorial's scholarship offer, thinking of

myself as a very lucky person. It was not an opinion that I kept for very long.

My career at Power Memorial really began in the summer before I entered the school. Coach Donohue had just started a boys' camp way upstate near Saugerties, N.Y., and he told me that he wanted me to come out there for the summer and help him get things started. To tell you the truth, I didn't want to go. My neighborhood was a nice place, and I had plenty to do. I wasn't one of those deprived black kids who desperately need to clean their lungs out each summer in a camp. But since I would be playing ball for Mr. Donohue for four years, and since I had taken a liking to him anyway, I agreed. The camp was called Friendship Farm, and it consisted of a big old house and some dirt. About all we did was play basketball on a dirt half court. I liked playing basketball, of course, but I like a few other things, too. I was the only black kid at the camp, and I was miserable. I was supposed to be at the camp to have a good time—at least that's what I'd been told—but how are you supposed to have a good time with a bunch of Irish and Italian Catholic kids who think you stunk, and not a single black brother or sister within miles? As a result, I got in a lot of trouble at the camp. Those kids expected me to stay in my place, whatever that means, and I had no intention of staying in any place. There was one kid named Jimmy Manetti, and he was under the impression that black kids were niggers. That's all right—I was under the impression that Italian kids were guinea. Jimmy and I bumped heads a lot, but at least in his case he learned something from it, and so did I. He learned that there was no such thing as a nigger and I learned that there was no such thing as a guinea. But this was an exceptional case. Most of the kids at Mr. Donohue's camp made me feel about as welcome as diphtheria. The first year I went AWOL after three weeks. I just plain got up and went home. Mr. Donohue didn't do anything about it, but maybe this was the beginning of the slightest bit of tension between us. I don't know. I do know that I needed a good

school to attend, and Mr. Donohue needed a good basketball player, so there was no open warfare.

One thing you've got to understand: Power Memorial was a very new scene to me. It seemed like my whole life was turned around. I had to get up early and ride the subway from Dyckman Street all the way down to 59th Street, rubbing elbows with all kinds of people every morning and then again at night. Life was swirling around me, and school was much different. The Christian Brothers of Ireland, who ran the school, were not too big on decking people, like Sister Mary Sebastian, but they would send you to detention for next to nothing, and I had to shape up fast. Also, they didn't fool around in class; they laid the learning on you with a shovel. There were very few black kids in the school, maybe 5% of the total enrollment. The Power elite was a combination of Irish and Italian kids, larger versions of the ones who had troubled me at St. Jude's and Mr. Donohue's camp. So I guess I kept up that ability I had to retreat into a shell of my own and be perfectly self-sufficient. And I'm still that way.

It was my second year at Power that we really came on. I was beginning to get the idea of how to use my size, and when the other teams ganged up on me, I passed off to guys like Oscar Sanchez and Jackie Bettridge and Bobby Erickson and George Barbazat, all fine players. So there was really no effective way to stop us, and nobody did. We were undefeated Catholic city champs that year. I averaged 19 points and 18 rebounds, and people were beginning to talk about me. So now the sleazy guys started coming around, the flesh peddlers. The idea was to get in good with me and steer me to a certain college and then collect under the table for steering me there. When this happened, Mr. Donohue stepped in and offered to shield me from all outside influence. He talked it over with my parents, and we agreed that the flesh peddlers would not even be allowed to come near me, and any letters bearing the return address of a college or university would be handed unopened to Mr. Donohue. In addition, I was never going to talk to the press. Mr. Don-

continued

In front of the red brick house in Hollis, Queens that has been home for three years, the Alexander pose for a family portrait.



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in my life."



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ohue would take care of that, too. Which is why this is the first time I have ever told my story for anyone.

The nice thing about Mr. Donohue's screening service was that it cost me nothing and it enabled me to sit back and watch what was going on and see all the greed and all the phoniness that is involved in amateur sport. And it didn't give Mr. Donohue too much power to choose my college because, to put it absolutely bluntly, my mother and father and I knew from my sophomore year on that I could go to any college I wanted on a basketball scholarship. It wasn't a question of shopping around for the best deal, since NCAA rules kept all the offers at the same level. So Mr. Donohue scanned the offers, and we just forgot about them and tried to look ahead to what would be the best school when the time came.

We were still winning in my junior year, and other teams were still trying to figure out how to stop us. The time I remember best was when we were scrimmaging Boys' High and I was leaning over this cat and all of a sudden I felt this pain in my arm. He had bit me! The kid had just been beating his head against me for the whole afternoon, and he'd lost control of his emotions, and it seemed like biting me was just the thing to do. But what a bite he had! Nice and neat and even, right down the flesh of my arm.

By now I had been to Mr. Donohue's camp three times, before my freshman, sophomore and junior years, and I had not been any happier there than I had been at the very beginning, even though the place was really going by now and had some good equipment and facilities. But it still didn't have blacks, and it still was the loneliest way to spend a summer that I could imagine. I don't fault Mr. Donohue. He thought he was helping me; he thought he was taking a genuine interest in me. But I couldn't help notice that the more I played with Power Memorial and the more I scored and the more games we won, the more authoritarian he became with me. I seemed to become more of a property and less of a person to him, and we drifted away from the closer relationship we'd

had at the beginning. He'd say things like, "Now, I don't want you in Harlem!" He was afraid I'd meet the wrong people in Harlem: fixers, junkies, people like that. But it offended me that he tried to rule Harlem out of my life, because if I'm any kind of person, I'm not going to have anything to do with fixers whether I'm in Harlem or Atlantic City or Port Lyautey, Africa, am I? And I figured he should have known that, and he should have trusted me. Harlem meant a lot to my basketball and a lot to my social life, but he couldn't see that. He was one of those typical white sports-Establishment figures who—with the best of intentions—see blacks strictly as athletes, properties without normal human needs.

But this is hindsight. I really didn't understand Mr. Donohue's attitude at the time; I only knew we weren't as warm and friendly anymore. Then came the eye-opener. We played an easy team, St. Helena's of the Bronx, and it was supposed to be nothing more than a tune-up for our big game the next night against De Matha Catholic High School of Hyattsville, Md. Only something went wrong with the script. We played rotten, and I played rottenner than anybody, and at halftime we were only up by six points when we should have had the game salted by then.

We went down to the coach's room, and Mr. Donohue started picking us apart one by one and telling us how awful we played, and then he pointed to me and he said, "And you! You go out there and you don't hustle. You don't move. You don't do any of the things you're supposed to do. *You're acting just like a nigger!*"

I was stunned. There were two other black brothers on the team, Eric Brown and Norwood Todman, and they were just as flabbergasted. We didn't know what to do. We lagged behind when the team started to go upstairs for the second half, and my man Eric whispered to me, "Go home, man, go home!" and Norwood said, "Man, you can't go for that kind of talk! Go home!" I didn't know what to do. I started to go back to the locker room and get dressed, but I was in kind of a daze, and the next

thing I knew I was running up the steps to start the second half. All I could think of was how the instant you do something wrong in front of the white race you're not only a misdoer, but you're a nigger, too. They hold that word back until you slip up, and then they lay it on you like a crowbar.

I haven't the slightest idea what happened in the second half of the game except that I was told that I played well and that we won. After the game Mr. Donohue called me into his office and he was all smiling and happy. He put his hand on my shoulder and he said, "See? It worked! My strategy worked. I knew that if I used that word it'd shock you into a good second half. And it did." He said a lot more, but all the time I was sitting there with my head hanging down and was thinking, "This is no good, Mr. Donohue! This is no good!"

Now I had to hurry home and pack and get back to the Pennsylvania Station to meet the rest of the team for the ride to D.C., where we were going to play De Matha the next night. I rushed into the house, and my mother could see that I was all upset and she made me tell her what happened. Luckily my father was working. My mother calmed me down. She said, "Go ahead and play in the De Matha game. I'm afraid we'll just have to wait (ill you're through with this man."

What *should* we have done? If I transferred to another school I would lose my whole senior year of basketball, and by this time it was plain to all of us that basketball was going to provide me with a free college education at the very least. So we swallowed our pride. I don't say I'm happy that we did this; I'm just stating the facts. We had decided. I would play out my string with Power Memorial Academy and Mr. Jack Donohue. But that would be the end of it. It was obvious that Mr. Donohue was going to be a college coach somewhere, and wherever Mr. Donohue went, that would be the last place you would find Lewis Alcindor, in spite of everything that would be written in newspapers for the whole next year. We never came out and said this to Mr. Donohue, but we had made a firm decision.

This junior year at Power, when we were in the middle of a winning streak that was going to reach 71 games, I was pretty close to the apex of my white-hating period. It seemed like every time I turned around some white person was trying to push my face in the mud. One night my friend Eric Brown and I went to a parish dance around Lexington and 60th Street, and as usual it was predominantly a white affair. We'd only been there a short time when Eric asked this white chick to dance, and she automatically said no, and almost in the same breath she accepted a dance invitation from a white kid. There was something about the timing of it that enraged Eric and me. We stomped out of that place and began looking for trouble to cause. First we thought we'd punch out some store windows, so we headed over toward Times Square, and then we decided that we'd pick up some garbage cans and throw them through the

windows on Fifth Avenue, and all the time that we were making these plans we were walking faster and faster, and pretty soon we'd walked off our rage. We rode home on the subway, thinking all the way. I still think about that night, and I wonder how many of my black brothers have gone through the same situation, had their feelings hurt real bad and then went out and punched up some white person, or maybe even killed somebody, all because of a case of hurt feelings, like a little child, and never even knew why they were doing it. That blind rage at Whitley is a part of the black condition; all black men reach it; some pass through to a higher plateau of understanding, but some never get out of the rage period and their lives are blighted for it. I understand them, and I don't turn from them. I once felt the same way myself.

It wasn't very long after that experience at the dance that I made my moth-

er sad, and I'll never forgive myself. My mother is very light; she has some white blood, probably going back to the old plantation-slave days. One night I walked into the house fuming about some racial thing, and I said to that sweet lady, "I wish you didn't have any white in you at all! I wish you weren't that light color! Because I hate every drop of white blood I have in me!" I believe it hurt my mother to hear that. She got very quiet. But I couldn't help myself. I was feeling my way along about race, and this was a stage I had to go through.

The summer after my junior year I made up my mind I wasn't going out to the boondocks with Mr. Doncbue again. I was fed up with white people. So I went to work for HARYOU-ACT, a New York youth organization, and I spent a few of the happiest weeks of my life there. Nominally, I was sports editor of the HARYOU-ACT paper, but

continued

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A leading car magazine reveals the VW, the Maverick

In their September issue, Car and Driver pegged the Hornet:

"American Motors shows that it understands the difference between small cars and economy cars.

"Mavericks and VW's are economy cars. The Hornet is a small car. The difference is latitude.

"Small cars can be anything from pocket battleships to bread-and-water sedans.

"Economy cars can only be cheap.

"On the (Hornet's) options list you can find automatic transmission, variable-ratio power steering, power brakes, air conditioning, heavy duty suspension, a rim-blow steering wheel and a vinyl roof in three colors, and there are more.

"The biggest difference between one Maverick and the next or one VW and the next, is the color of the paint.

"Don't misunderstand. Certain models of the Hornet like the 128 hp. 199 cu. in.,



the essential difference between and the new Hornet.

6-cylinder, 2-door, will compete head on with the Maverick.

"But then there are the 145-hp. and the 155-hp., 232 cu. in. Sixes and the 210-hp., 304 cu. in. V 8 Hornets to contend with.

"And if that isn't enough there are the 4-door Hornets to go along with the 2-door Hornets, and each one of those can be either a standard Hornet or a Hornet SST when equipped with the high-line trim."

Car and Driver also had some kind words for the way the Hornet looks:

"It's a strikingly attractive package ... very smooth and clean and its attractiveness lies in the basic body shape rather than in clever use of add-on trim."

Thank you, Car and Driver. We could have said these things ourselves, but we're glad you did.

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to see the rest of the way we make
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in fact I was a trainee, like a bunch of other black kids that HARYOU—ACT was teaching and helping. It was a summer journalism workshop, and on top of everything else we each drew \$30 a week, which was pretty good for spending money. My instructor was a fine man named Al Calloway, and for the first time in my life I learned that there was an empire in Africa in the 13th century, that there were thus civilizations in Ghana and Mali and places like that centuries ago. No sooner had Mr. Calloway finished telling me something like that than I'd run to the library to look it up, and sure enough, there it was, in print, the true facts about my people.

I was getting a real racial pride and knowledge, and I made up my mind that I was going to stay right at HARYOU—ACT for the summer. I was not going to waste another three or four weeks of my life at Mr. Donohue's camp. But then one morning Mr. Donohue came by my house and said he was going to drive me to work. All the way to work he kept telling me how he needed me at camp, how he had promised people that I would be there and how they would be annoyed at him if I didn't show. I said I didn't want to go. He said it wasn't healthy for me to stay in the city during the summer. Finally I got hot, and I said, "Look, Mr. Donohue, I go up to the camp every summer and work my tail off, and I have a lousy time and I don't get a nickel for it." He offered to pay me for taking care of some young kids at the camp, but I still said no. So then it got down to one thing: he had used my name to interest kids in his camp and his basketball clinic, and he'd be in a hell of a spot if I didn't come up, and it would be all my fault.

So I went. But I went *mad*. In the first place, I had to take a well-deserved driving down from Mr. Calloway when I dropped out of HARYOU—ACT. He said that the people of New York City had an investment in me and I was cheating them out of it, and he was right. I went off to Friendship Farm with my cheeks still burning. Mr. Calloway knew how to use the words.

At Saugerties I was put in charge of

a bunch of young kids, around 11 and 12, but I wasn't happy with the job. My mind was going in three different directions at once, and one day I was coaching a game and doodling with a stick in the dirt, and when I looked down at what I had doodled, I saw *BRUTE* in the words *MASS* in letters a foot high. I left it right there. But a few minutes later one of the assistant coaches saw it and sent a kid over to scratch it out. Nothing was said, and I just walked off to my room to brood for a while.

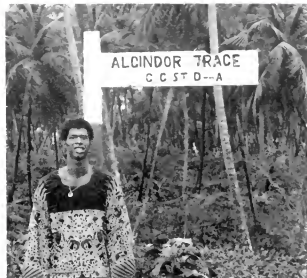
A week or so later my sentence to the camp was over, and I went back home. And a week after that were the Harlem riots. I stepped off a subway right into the middle of it. It was insane. It was chaos, wild, insane, and I just stood there trembling. Cops were swinging at everybody, bullets were flying, windows were being smashed, people were stealing and looting. All I could think was that I wanted to stay alive, so I took off toward the west as fast as I could move, and I didn't stop running till I was at 137th and Broadway. I just had to get out of there fast. And then I sat huffing and puffing and pondering

about what I'd seen, and I knew what it was: rage, black rage. The poor people of Harlem felt that it was better to get hit with a nightstick than to keep on taking the white man's insults forever. I could see this and I could relate to it, and right then and there I knew who I was, who I had to be. I was going to be black rage personified, Black Power in the flesh. And I decided that in my personification of Black Power and black pride, I was no longer going to pussyfoot around the whites. I was going to speak my mind. It was immature thinking, I know. But it was real. It was me at age 17.

On the court, my senior year was just another year. We had been winning ever since the end of my freshman year, and we were still winning. We went down to the University of Maryland fieldhouse to play our archrival, De Matha, and they beat us and broke our 71-game winning streak. They played a great game, a very intelligent, deliberate game. But that didn't keep our guys from really breaking up afterward. It sounded like the wailing wall in our locker room. I felt like crying myself, but I didn't. Some-

Continued

On land in Trinidad owned by his father and farmed by relatives, Len stands before a sign marking the road that bears his family's name.



How Andy Granatelli from a movie

A lot of Big Names are making a lot of big money these days endorsing products they know nothing about.

So if you've seen Andy Granatelli in Avis ads and commercials, you may have concluded that Avis has gone out and bought itself just another Big Name.

Then read on.

We got Andy Granatelli — one of the world's foremost automotive experts — because we wanted someone who really knows, to help us write a checkout manual for our maintenance men. Someone

whose words would be respected by a mechanic.

Granatelli has been in, under, and hovering around cars for years. He has raced them, repaired them, created them,



working for Avis differs star selling soap.

and built a business (STP) around them. All with great success.

His latest success is a success for us as well: the Avis Checkout Manual. Andy stands behind it, and our people do too.



Our people are proud to know they have checked out a new Plymouth or any of the other fine Avis cars, just the way Andy Granatelli himself would have checked them out.

Because of our manual, and the Avis people who use it, we will rent you one of the most dependable cars you can rent today.

You can be sure of that.

Not because Andy Granatelli's name is behind it.

But because Andy Granatelli is, just as much as we are.

**If you think Avis tries harder,
you ain't seen nothing yet.**

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF 200

thing had changed in me; there were more important things on my mind. Mr. Donohue was very nice about the loss. He said we'd played as hard as we could and everybody has to lose. By now Mr. Donohue had earned a national reputation, and that was fine with me; whatever our personal differences, he was a good coach, very good.

After that game we began a new streak, and rode it to our third straight New York City Catholic championship. I finished with a career total of 2,067 points, a city record, and if there had ever been any doubts before, my parents and I knew now that I could go to any college I chose. The problem was: which one? In addition to all of the basketball scholarship offers, I had averaged 85 in high school and scored high on the Regents' examinations and had won a New York State Regents' scholarship. The basketball offers were stacked high on Mr. Donohue's desk. One big Midwestern college wrote that its present coach was old and ill, and if Mr. Donohue would bring me along, he could count on being head coach in a year or so. But it wasn't up to Mr. Donohue; it was up to me and my parents. So we decided to look around.

Two places intrigued me the most, Michigan and UCLA. Ralph Bunche, a man I respected, had written me a letter telling me about playing guard for UCLA in the 1920s and how pleasant the school was. Another alumnus, Jackie Robinson, wrote urging me to go to UCLA. And Willie Naulls, another UCLA graduate, had done a good job of selling me on the school. So in April of my senior year, 1965, I accepted an invitation to fly out to Los Angeles and poke around.

Man, what pains they took to make it look good out there! I was met at the airport by Jerry Norman, who is an assistant coach and a straight guy, and by Mike Warren and Edgar Lacey. Warren and Lacey were both stars on the basketball team. Jerry Norman sort of showed me around places like the journalism department, the school newspaper, the music building (out of sight!) and the dorms. The place was beautiful. The people I met were nice. I was in-

troduced to the coach, John Wooden, and it was like seeing the Pepperidge Farm commercial with the old guy driving the buggy. He was the prototype Midwesterner. I'd never met anybody like him before. He fascinated me.

During the whole weekend I was driven around the campus and rapped with Warren and others, and they kept telling me that the whole place was great, the whole scene was great. They told me it was heaven on earth, and they knew better, but *they wanted me to play on their basketball team*. I thought the whole story, and when I got back home I told my parents I had found the place. I was going to UCLA.

The sad thing is that I was invited to spend a weekend at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, and I went to visit the place, even though my mind was 99% made up. I liked Michigan. But I was bedazzled by what I'd seen in sunny California, and I didn't really give Michigan a fair evaluation, even after meeting Cazzie Russell and hearing his story of how good Michigan was for the black athlete. Not giving Michigan a fair shake was probably a mistake on my part.

Near the end of my senior year at Power Memorial, there were rumors that Mr. Donohue had been offered the job of head basketball coach at several different colleges. A lot of reporters wrote that Mr. Donohue had only been offered the jobs in the hope that he would be able to bring me along with him, because most college athletic departments were under the impression that Mr. Donohue and I were very close and I would automatically go where he went. I didn't know what to make of that story, but I did know for a fact that Mr. Donohue was a very competent coach, and with or without me he would be an asset to the coaching staff of most colleges. He finally selected Holy Cross.

Mr. Donohue did put a little pressure on me to follow him to Holy Cross. I told him that I had already made up my mind to go to UCLA, and he asked me if I would just come up to Worcester with him to look around. I asked him what was the use when I'd already made up my mind? He finally let me

know in no uncertain terms that I owed it to him at least to go to Holy Cross on a visit. Well, I figured Mr. Donohue owed me a few things, too—I mean I don't take credit for our 71 straight wins and our three straight city titles and all the publicity that Mr. Donohue got while I was at Power, but I don't think that I exactly harmed his reputation either. But he wasn't talking about what he owed me, just what I owed him, so I finally agreed to visit the place with him.

He showed me around the campus. It was a pretty place, but I saw very few blacks. It developed that there were actually only a handful in the whole school, and Mr. Donohue had arranged for one of them to give me a sales talk on the school. "Go see him," Mr. Donohue said. "He'll tell you what it's really like here."

So I was introduced to this black brother, and we took a little stroll together, and when we were out of Mr. Donohue's earshot, he laid it out straight and hard. "If you come here you're crazy," he told me. "This is the worst place for you to go to school. You won't have any fun at all. You'll be isolated, like I am. *Man, pick someplace else!*"

I told Mr. Donohue that I had made up my mind to go to UCLA and that's where I was going, and he was nice about it. He said he hoped I would do well and I said I hoped he would do the same, and we parted on that basis. I do wish Mr. Donohue well. He deserves his success. And I think he learned something from his relationship with me. I think he learned something about psychology, and I think he learned that there was one word you *never* use when you talk to a black man. If the rest of the white people could learn that one little lesson, it might be a start toward something good and decent in this country—real brotherhood between whites and blacks.

NEXT WEEK

Drillmaster and championships at UCLA, where Alexander was shocked by student pressure, became a near recluse, decided at one point to transfer to Michigan, cost his team the big Houston game and rededicated himself against Elton Hayes.

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Looks like a whole lot of designers got caught looking. Again.

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We were also proving, once and for all, that being big is no excuse for being clumsy. With a new 455 V-8, firm suspension, Wide-Track stance.

Now, isn't that the way you want luxury to be? It is. At your Pontiac dealer's.

□ Pontiac's new Bonneville

A silver Pontiac Bonneville is shown from a front-three-quarter view, driving on a city street. The car has a distinctive chrome grille and four round headlights. In the background, there are trees, a building with a yellow and blue striped awning, and several people, including a woman in a pink shirt in the driver's seat and a blonde woman in a green jacket in the passenger seat. The scene is set in a vibrant, urban environment.

(We take the fun of driving seriously.)



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RED CLAY AND GOGGERS

Sirs:

Congratulations are in order for your issue of Oct. 13. The cover shot of Georgia's Bruce Kemp was sensational—we Bulldog followers have been waiting a long time for this sort of recognition—and Pat Putnam's story on the Southeastern Conference (*The SEC Catcher Out*) was beautiful.

Folks from other regions of the country are constantly questioning why SEC teams are not highly rated in national polls. The reason is obvious: no other football conference in the nation can ever hope to attain the superb balance of the SEC. Take this year, for instance. At least five teams are in the running within the conference (Georgia, LSU, Auburn, Tennessee, Florida), and several of them are definitely among the nation's best.

Thanks loads, SI. We of the land of red-clay hills, swaying pines, moss-hung oaks, goggers, fried chicken and shrimp creole are very much indebted to you.

BUDDY SULLIVAN

Fort Belvoir, Va.

Sirs:

Upon reading Pat Putnam's article I felt obliged to 1) remind Mr. Putnam of a particular passage in the aforementioned article: "The fans at Vanderbilt and Kentucky are a gentler breed. Lately, so are the football teams"; 2) cite for Mr. Putnam's benefit two recent scores: Kentucky 10, Ole Miss 9 (Sept. 27) and Vanderbilt 14, Alabama 10 (Oct. 11), and 3) inquire as to whether Mr. Putnam takes salt and pepper when eating his crow.

LEE STEERS

Franklin, Ky.

Sirs:

Your article was fabulous. It captures all the excitement of true rivalries between these great teams. But in your Sept. 15 issue you failed to include LSU in the Top 20, quite a big mistake since the Tigers are going to win the Southeastern Conference!

CRANG FLETCHER

Jacksonville

GOPS AND DOWNS

Sirs:

I must take umbrage with several of the things in your article *You'll Will Have Its ... Gops?* (Oct. 13). The title itself is at best insulting. In fact, after looking in vain for an article on the Bengals after each of their three wins, I found the general tone of the article and the pictures belittling.

Granted, the Bengals are a young team and will make mistakes, but seasoned teams make mistakes, too. Your picture of the

"busted play" between Wyche and Robinson could just as well have been a picture of the "seasoned" Charger who fumbled the ball on the kickoff.

We have never lacked respect for our elders and we realize we aren't supposed to be 3-1 against veteran competition, but we are. Cincinnati fans are proud of the accomplishment of this team and hope that they never lose their youthful dreams.

MARILYN FORRYTH

Cincinnati

Sirs:

On page 34 of your Oct. 13 issue, Photographers Sheedy and Long snapped a priceless photo of a professional goof. Did you notice that Quarterback Wyche's eyes were closed?

JIM VANDER WOLF

Manchester, N.H.

RUFFIANS ON THE ROCKS

Sirs:

I've played and watched ice hockey for years and I don't see why your writers picked Boston to high this season (*Hockey '89: The Rough Get Rougher*, Oct. 13), even as a possibility to unseat Les Canadiens. Teddy Green, Boston's sparkplug, leader and take-charge guy, is low for the season. Even an Espinoza, who is quiet but very effective, and an Orr, who is great but also not so loud or rowdy, cannot take up where Terrible Teddy left off. Green is the heart of the Boston defense, a good, hard-hitting puck carrier who rushes and skates well and must rank with J. C. Tremblay and even Orr himself as the NHL's premier defenseman. I'm afraid that without Green around Boston will flounder to third or fourth, may be even out of the playoffs. Look out for New York and Detroit. You just can't move without a leader like Green.

DANIEL SPINALE

Morish, N.Y.

Sirs:

In *SCORECARD* (Oct. 13) you made a complaint as you have done often before about fighting in hockey. I disagree with you there. Fighting has been an important part of hockey for years. For the eight years I have watched hockey and the many years my father watched it before me fighting was a popular aspect of hockey. Even my mother, who usually dislikes fighting, likes fighting in hockey. One reason why the Boston Bruins are so popular is because they are a rough-and-tumble team. So don't knock fighting in hockey. That might be the reason that the game is so popular in the first place.

STEVE HESTAND

Swampscott, Mass.

Sirs:

At the risk of oversimplification I make the following suggestion to prevent further skull fractures in hockey brawling, as soon as a player throws a punch or swings his stick at another player, make him sit out the rest of the game. Professional football controls its players by prompt banishment for fistfuffs. The reason this is effective, of course, is that the whole team is penalized by the loss of an important player for the rest of the game. Until hockey cracks down on bush-league brawls and bloodletting, the sport will be running the risk of additional skull fracturing by athletes the league seems unable—or unwilling—to control.

JUAN JOHANNING

Columbus, Ohio

GANGLING GHOSTS

Sirs:

Credit Myron Cope with a splendid piece of nostalgia (*The Game That Was*, Oct. 13). I'm sure the majority of people in this country know little, if anything, concerning the emotional, physical and economic conditions under which professional football was played during the 1920s.

However, if it is possible to compare the stars of that era with those of today, it is a most amusing situation. Consider Ed Healey vs. Ralph Neely. The only objects the former would make contact with would be Neely and the ground. And Joe Namath could throw from a chair against Indian Joe Guyon. Even if Red Grange was a ghost, a yard gain against Deacon Jones would be a very difficult task.

Let's face it. Modern athletes are stronger, swifter, heavier and more agile than their predecessors.

Those must have been great times, though. Imagine, eight games in 12 days.

BOB PROCHASKA

East Dubuque, Ill.

SEVENTH WAS FIRST

Sirs:

With reference to your article on the World Cup (*Pewees in a Golden Age*, Oct. 13) and the implication that I was the only one responsible for players turning down invitations to participate, I think it should be pointed out that the following players not represented by me were asked to participate in the World Cup and declined for various reasons comparable to those of my clients: George Archer, Frank Beard, Dave Hill, Gene Luttrell and Jean Garalde (of France).

Since Arnold Palmer was also approached about representing the U.S. in the World Cup, your readers might be interested to know that Lee Trevino was actually the sev-

continued

The Beat of a Drummer

**A dirge played that dreary day for
a naive Lothario and horseplayer**

by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

"Open the door, Miss Millington,"
commanded the proprietor.

"When I am dressed, I will and not
before," the girl replied.

While they waited, Drummer explained to Binstead what the trouble was. He had gone to Miss Millington's room the evening before, he said, to discuss with her the virtues of vegetarian diet. He had stayed, discussing vegetarianism, until daylight. In the time intervening she'd agreed to try vegetarianism, and to start her off with an adequate supply of health food he had peeled off a £5 note from the bundle of money he was carrying for his employers.

A £5 deficit in his expense account could be easily explained, he thought. But back in his room he checked his money and found that the note he'd given Miss Millington was a 50, not a 5. Since this would be less easy to explain, he went back with the idea of exchanging notes. In the interval, Miss Millington discovered her new affluence and decided to give up hotel work in favor of a visit to an ex-beau in Darlington.

While Drummer was recounting all this to Binstead, the key turned in the lock of Miss Millington's door, and she came out. She was carrying her small suitcase.

"I'm sorry to have to leave you this abruptly," she said to the hotelman, "but opportunities such as this come seldom to a girl."

The last anyone saw of her, she was walking out through the hotel door.

Drummer, by this time, was reduced to tears. "I'm ruined," he blubbered. "What'll I do? What'll I do?" Obviously his firm would give short shrift to a £3-a-week salesman who was out by some £50.

To Binstead, the problem seemed nothing more than an ordinary commercial setback, for inexpressible shortages of cash come all too often to racing journalists. And he offered what seemed a perfectly sensible solution: "Just pick a winner at Gosforth Park today, and put a bundle on."

"But—what if it loses?"

Binstead patiently explained to Drummer that his situation would be worsened only in degree and that the final solution would probably be the same. Either way, Drummer would have to throw himself into the Tyne.

"But you haven't told me the name of the horse."

"Barcaldine," Binstead said firmly and wandered off in search of a drink.

Barcaldine, for many years this 5-year-old had been famous throughout the British turf. Not only was he one of the four best horses of the century, he was also the most vicious, with a reputation for seizing and shaking grown men between his teeth and taking hanks of flesh out of the arms of stableboys. He was running this day in the Northumberland Plate, an important race in the north of England, affectionately known to the coalmining population as The Pitman's Derby. For such an important occasion, it was fitting that he should be ridden by Fred Archer, the greatest jockey of his day and perhaps of all time. In that same year, 1883, Archer rode 232 winners; he was champion jockey for 10 years running. Although Barcaldine was handicapped to carry an impossible 136 pounds, he was firmly expected to win.

Drummer soon learned of all this; and, full of hope, he paid two shillings for a cab ride from Newcastle out to High Gosforth Park, the race-course five miles outside the city. He spared hardly a glance for the sleek horses walking around the paddock; his interest lay in the bookmakers. To his inexperienced eye, they looked an untrustworthy lot. Tattered but grudgingly painted signs announced the hushness of hordes of sly-looking gentlemen in seedy coats. But down at the far end

continued

There must be a moral to this story, or perhaps there's more than one. If you consort with loose women, make sure they are reasonably honest, might be one lesson to be learned from it. If you want to embezzle your firm's money, do it with an appearance of honesty, could be another. A third might run: when gambling, choose an established and reputable bookie.

To some, these precepts might seem like simple common sense, but the penalty for ignoring them could be death, as a traveling salesman from Manchester discovered on the 28th of June 1883.

Before he landed in the water, the man we will call Drummer had been spending some days in Newcastle peddling cotton samples around the town. In all likelihood it was only by chance that he put up at a hotel that was the favorite stopping place of racing journalists. It was this circumstance, however, plus the keen observation of Arthur Binstead of the *Sporting Times* that enabled the details of his story to be preserved.

Binstead saw Drummer for the first time the night he checked in. The journalist was standing around the hotel lobby when he noticed the smart young salesman chatting with the young lady at the reception desk. The prettiest girl in Newcastle, thought Binstead, as he took in her oval, madonna-like face, soft brown eyes, dimpled chin and full bosom.

So pure did the young lady appear that Binstead was quite surprised to hear her say to Drummer a few moments later: "My room is on the floor above yours and at the extreme end of the passage on the right-hand side. So that you may make no mistake, I'll kick the corner of my mat over."

Next morning Binstead was awakened by a lot of noisy talk outside his room. He peeped out of his door to see a considerable procession passing: the hotel's proprietor, the salesman, Drummer, in pajamas, a few hotel servants and one or two guests. He hurriedly slipped out to investigate and followed the troupe upstairs and along to the end of the passage. The entire group paused outside the door of the last room, and the proprietor knocked loudly.

"What do you want?" said a demure voice.

of the line he found something seemingly more respectable. The Nanty Poloney Ironclad Firm was the inscription on a smart new length of American cloth at the front of the stand, the stand itself was built of champagne boxes. Clearly the Ironclads were men of substance and integrity. He counted out £20 of his employer's banknotes, noted from the chalked figures on the bookies' board that Barcaldine was quoted at 11 to 2 and handed over his money.

"Hundred and ten to 20, Barcaldine," the bookie snapped to his clerk. Splendid; not only would Drummer recoup his loss, but he'd have a fine profit of £60 to play with.

As the horses assembled at the starting post, Barcaldine became restless, rearing up and pawing the turf. In those days there was no draw for starting places; each jockey judged his own best point of entry. Archer took his mount 50 yards away from the rest, and when the starter's flag went down he had ex-

tra ground to cover. But the great horse was going, going hard, because he had not been held back at the line, and it did not take Archer long to bring him over to the rail and catch up. Slowly he edged his way up through the crowded horses until he was among the leaders. He was being headed by another horse called Tertius; suddenly Tertius seemed to lose speed, and Barcaldine forged steadily ahead. By the time the two-mile race was over, Archer was an easy two and a half lengths ahead of the field.

He rode into the paddock in an uproar of cheering. The vast numbers of Northumbrians who had backed him hurried off to collect their winnings. Arthur himself collected his own and jotted down such notes as he needed for his editor. Then he strolled down the line of bookies to congratulate Drummer and—who knows?—take a drink or two off him.

He found Drummer standing disconsolately in front of a pile of champagne

boxes. The Nanty Poloney Ironclads had proved, after all, to have had both feet of clay and inadequate cash reserves, and they had prudently vanished from the site as soon as Barcaldine looked like the winner. An angry crowd of miners were smashing up the flimsy wood of the boxes. Drummer stood wordless, holding the one article of value he could salvage, the piece of flamboyant American cloth bearing the name of the Welshing bookies.

Next morning Drummer's body was indeed recovered from the Tyne River, his rigid hand still clutching a sodden mass that read, "Nanty Poloney Ironclad Firm." Had the unfortunate Lothario committed suicide? Indeed he had not. He had been walking back to Newcastle alone and sorrowful, when he was overtaken by a disappointed mob of men who had been swindled by the same firm of bookies. They took one look at the sign in Drummer's hand, decided he was the Ironclads in person and threw him into the river. END

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19TH HOLE *continued*

enth choice of the World Cup organizers as the U.S. representative.

MARK H. MCCORMACK,

Cleveland

Q.E.D.

Sirs:

A fast answer to Philip McLaughlin's query, "Where, oh, where have the Bleacher Bums gone?" (19th Hole, Oct. 17): We have all gone to school, or we would be gone to jail.

RICHARD L. LEVY

Bensenville, Ill.

CRITICAL POINT

Sirs:

After reading Publisher Garry Valk's clefth explanation of why SI was going to have a weekly column of television criticism (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Oct. 20), I along with your other readers looked forward to a healthy, objective and enlightened column, particularly since Publisher Valk went to such length to assure us that Wilfred Sheed was "an esteemed critic in many fields," and Sheed was quoted as saying, "No serious critic has followed sport television. The rascals should know somebody out here is watching." Might I suggest that perhaps Critic Sheed ought to watch a little more carefully. Instead of any kind of enlightened criticism, we apparently are going to be fed a weekly serving of sarcasm, carping and nit-picking. To pick up an isolated meaningless sentence out of the approximately 15 hours that NBC devoted to live coverage of the baseball playoffs is not only unenlightening, it is also unfair.

I am not known in the television industry for my ringing defenses of NBC Sports, but I think on this occasion SI has been unfair and, worse than that, inaccurate. If Critic Sheed was watching as closely as advertised, he would have known that Curt Gowdy could not possibly have neglected to tell the TV audience of Met-Al West's pre-eminence in the first New York-Atlanta playoff game since Gowdy was announcing the Baltimore-Minnesota game at the time, while the Met game was being announced by Jim Simpson. To make such a fundamental error in journalism is inexcusable, but perhaps "an esteemed critic," finds that less important than a series of wisecracks.

RONALD ARKEDGE
President
ABC Sports, Inc.

New York City

● In the battle of wisecracks between TV Executive Arkedge and Contributor Sheed, Mr. Arkedge must be deemed the winner on points. The words attributed to Curt Gowdy were in fact pronounced by Jim Simpson. —ED

continued

At last. A snow tire that's quiet when it runs out of snow.



Seiberling engineered a new idea into the Four Seasons, and now the days of whine and road hum are gone.

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18TH HOLE

FOOTWORK

Sir:

Having read your recent article on the field goal (4 *Lot of Kicks*, Cover, Sept. 22), I have some thoughts for Pete Rozelle to consider. The rash of easy field goals in pro football has probably hurt the game more than helped it. Not to detract from the obvious skill involved, but what has happened to the good old fourth-and-short-yardage situation, the punt out of bounds or the attempt to kick the ball dead inside the 10-yard line? And has anyone reflected of late just how silly the present possession ruling is following a missed field-goal attempt? Team A tries a three-pointer from the 41-yard line. It misses, and team B takes possession on its own 20. Team A has just been rewarded 21 yards of turf for 1) failing to keep its offensive drive alive and 2) missing a field goal.

In my opinion the following changes would not only place more value on kicking accuracy but, more important, would reemphasize the premium value of the touch-down: 1) move the goalposts 10 yards off the goal line, 2) move the uprights closer together and 3) on all field goal attempts outside the 20-yard line that are missed award the ball to the other team at the original line of scrimmage rather than the 20-yard line.

These rule alterations would not eliminate the field goal, but would tend to reduce the long attempts, make the short ones a bit more difficult and return to football the greatest of all situations, a fourth down with two yards to go on the 28-yard line.

Think it over, Pete. More people than ever before are heading for another cold beer at the announcement, "And here comes the field-goal team."

MIKE MATTHEWCK

Bellevue, Wash.

PAYTON'S PLACE

Sir:

I was glad to see SI give space to one of the great baseball players of all time—Ernie Banks (*A Tale of Two Men and One City*, Sept. 29). In deference to the memory of a great judge of raw baseball talent and a loyal and devoted servant of the Chicago Cubs, I would like your readers to know that Ernie Banks was brought to my attention by the late Jimmy Payton, who scouted the Southwest for the Cubs. Payton saw Ernie play some 20-odd games on the bus-and-hamburger circuit played by the Kansas City Monarchs, and after every game Payton called me or Wid Mathews to say that Banks would someday rank with Honus Wagner as a shortstop and hitter. Until we actually closed the deal, the only person with whom I discussed Ernie Banks were Payton, Mathews and Phil Wrigley.

Incidentally, the purchase of Ernie's con-

tract was a rare bargain. I recall that the Cubs gave the Monarchs \$18,000 for the right to sign Banks and two other Monarchs, whose names I have long forgotten. One, I believe, was a boy named Rickles.

JIM GALLAGHER

Office of the

Baseball Commissioner

New York City

ANOTHER FOR MARYLAND

Sir:

In his letter (19TH HOLE, Oct. 6) Michael F. McWhaw notes, among other things, that "the only sport for which the Terrapins are nationally prominent the only sport in which they have won the national championship within the last 15 years is lacrosse."

I beg to differ. Maryland won the NCAA soccer championship (co-champs with Michigan State) in 1968. Also, Graciorio Brandon and Mario Jelenovitch both were named to the 1968 All-America team.

ROMANTAS KULICKA

Varsity Soccer Coach,

City College of New York

New York City

MORE ON MOORE

Sir:

AS YOU noted in FOOTBALL'S WEEK (Oct. 6), Missouri's Joe Moore earned 22 times for 191 yards against Illinois. What you failed to note, however, was that he sat out the last 18 minutes of the game, fell shy by only 27 yards of the all-time Missouri record for single-game rushing and was named Big Eight Back of the Week for it all. In addition, his rushing total was 69 yards more than the entire Illinois backfield was able to muster, 87 yards more than Oklahoma's Steve Owens rushed against Pittsburgh, and it gave Moore 315 yards total rushing this season (22 yards more than Owens) and made him the Big Eight leader in that department (outstanding Owens, who has held that honor for the last two years).

Now who did you say was the back of that week?

DAVID C. WOOD

Columbia, Mo.

Sir:

In his fine coverage of the week of college football, Sandy Treadwell referred to Missouri's Joe Moore as a sophomore half-back. He is a halfback, but he is not a sophomore—Moore is a junior.

I wanted to correct this error because I am sure you will be writing a lot more about the Missouri football team and Joe Moore.

CONN YOUNG

Carthage, Mo.

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